

The Grail

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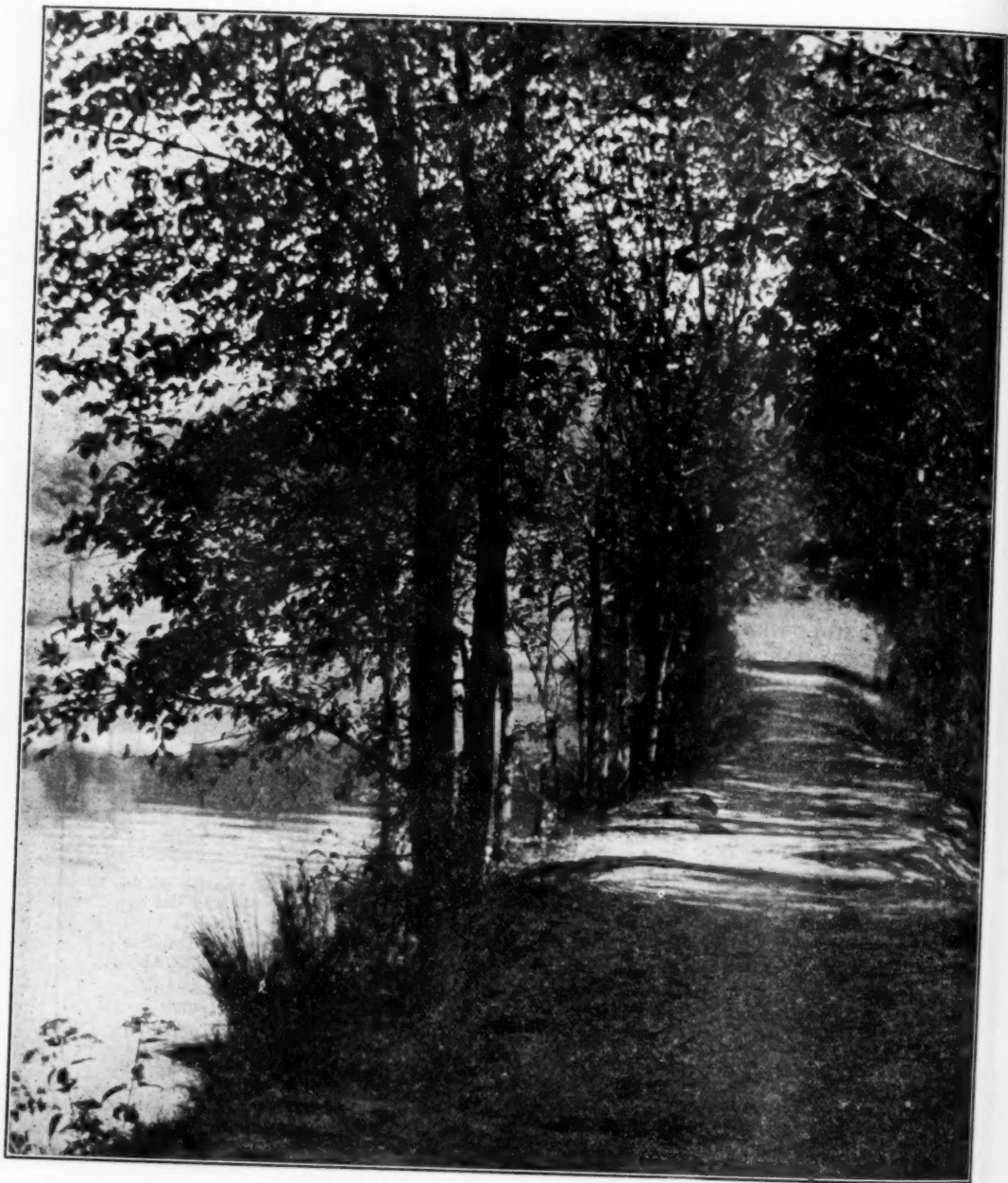
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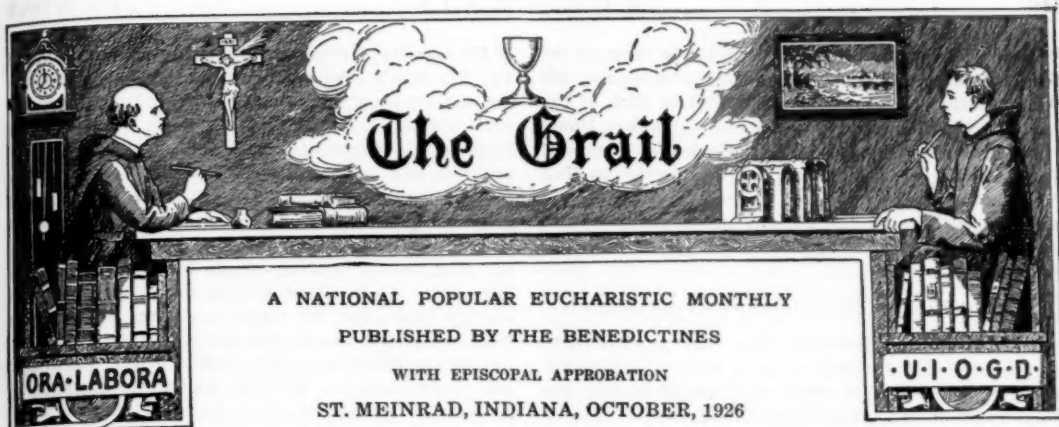
THE DAM AT SUNRISE—COLLEGE CAMPUS

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Our Queen

If in the institution of the Feast of the Kingship of Christ the Church pays royal honor to Christ, where is the honor due to Our Queen? The whole month of October is, in fact, devoted to Mary Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, whose feast falls early in the month.

The Rosary, because of the sublime prayers that compose it, is a beautiful form of prayer. The "Our Father" was taught the Apostles by Our Blessed Lord Himself; the "Hail Mary" was spoken by the Archangel Gabriel when he came to announce to Mary her Divine Motherhood; the "Holy Mary" is an admirable petition of the Church for the divine assistance during life, and at the hour of death, upon which our eternity depends. In the "Glory be to the Father," which closes each decade, we salute the Most Holy Trinity. In the Creed, with which the recitation often begins, though it is not a necessary part of the Rosary, we profess our faith in the teachings of the Church, which is destined to save all men.

The Rosary is so beautiful a form of prayer and at the same time so simple that even the most illiterate can say it with great spiritual fruit. Every Catholic worthy of the name loves and cherishes his Rosary. But the Rosary should not be merely an ornament—it is an instrument of prayer. The Rosary ought to be said by the family each night during October; it should be said by all individuals who cannot gather at the family fireside. It would not be too much of a burden for all Catholics to say the Rosary each day of their lives. It takes but a few moments, yet to derive benefit from its recital it should be said devoutly. If you are not accustomed to the daily recital of the Rosary, try it. Possibly your salvation may depend upon it. If not, an increase of glory awaits you.

Thy Kingdom Come!

That the kingdom of Him who uttered these words is meant, cannot be doubted, for Christ calls Himself

King. He is in reality King of Heaven and Earth—our Sovereign. In the Holy Eucharist He is Our Lord and King. The church is His palace, the altar His throne. But it is especially in our hearts that He would set up His kingdom. There He would reign by the gentle influence of His grace, which disposes all things sweetly. Blessed indeed are they who by the purity of their lives have prepared in their hearts a throne for their King. If they follow the promptings of His grace, they are sufficiently strong to withstand the tempter, they have the patience to bear with the shortcomings of their fellow men, they can, out of love for their King, endure persecution as well as suffer with joy the ills to which the human flesh is heir, for Christ is both their King and their model.

AN ALL-EMBRACING KINGDOM

But Christ is King. For nineteen centuries the petition—"Thy Kingdom come"—has ascended daily from the hearts of Christians to the throne of God. Apostolic men have gone to the four points of the compass to make known the kingdom of Christ and gain subjects for the universal King; saintly men and women, though in the world yet not of the world, have by their exemplary lives spread the good odor of Christ and thereby won many souls—for, example is more powerful than words; holy virgins in convent cell and hermits in their solitude have by constant prayer, mortification, and corporal austerities added innumerable souls to the kingdom of heaven; even children of tender age have not been without their influence in this apostolic work. Thus, the kingdom of Christ, which embraces all men, has grown from a tiny mustard seed to a vigorous and mighty tree, and numerous are His subjects; yet, alas! His kingship is recognized by barely one third of the human race. Still, Christ is King of mankind.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM A REALITY

Christ is King. He was hailed king at His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the multitude cried out:

"Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, the king of Israel." Crowned with thorns, He was mocked by His enemies with: "Hail, king of the Jews!" "Shall I crucify your king?" asked Pilate when the Jews demanded the Savior's death. "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews" was the inscription that Pilate caused to be put upon the cross. Although He led a hidden life and died an ignominious death, Christ is, nevertheless, Our King, but "My kingdom is not of this world."

CHRIST KING OF NATIONS AND OF INDIVIDUALS

The Kingship of Christ has now been proclaimed to the whole world. In his Encyclical, beginning with the words "Quas Primas," which was issued during the Holy Year of 1925, Pope Pius XI discusses Christ's titles of royalty, in proof he brings forward the testimony of Holy Scripture, and shows how the predictions of the Prophets were fulfilled. And while the Encyclical stresses particularly the spiritual nature of the Kingship of Christ, it also states that the empire of Christ embraces nations as well as individuals, that it extends not only over Catholics but likewise over the sects, and all the rest of mankind. "Nor is any distinction made," runs the Encyclical, "between individuals, the home, or civil society, since men are no less under the power of Christ when united in society than as individuals. He alone is the source of individual and public welfare.... He alone is the Author of prosperity and true happiness both in individual citizens and in states.... If the heads of nations wish the safety of their governments and the growth and progress of their country, they must not refuse to give, together with their people, public testimony of reverence and obedience to the empire of Christ."

AN ANNUAL REMINDER

That the Kingship of Christ may have a salutary and lasting effect upon the minds of men the Holy Father has decreed that the Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ King, the solemnity of which he celebrated at Rome on Dec. 31, 1925, shall henceforward be celebrated each year throughout the whole world on the last Sunday of October. He ordains, moreover, that annually on this feast the act of consecration of all mankind to the Sacred Heart shall be renewed.

To celebrate in a worthy manner the Feast of Jesus Christ Our King, each loyal subject of this universal King should, if possible, pledge his faith anew by the worthy reception of Holy Communion. Let Christ Our King strengthen and make firm within your hearts the weakened throne that is now tottering and about to fall because of sin. Dear Savior, Christ Our King, we pledge Thee our loyalty! Thy Kingdom come!

Spread the Kingdom of Christ

The zeal of Thy house hath consumed me, says the Psalmist. Zeal for the house of God, His Church, His kingdom, should urge us to put out on interest the talent of Faith that He has deposited with us, not mere-

ly for safe-keeping but because He expects returns from us. We should take example from the man in the parable and not bury our talent. Hearing upon his return what the unworthy servant had done, the master was very angry. Demanding back the talent, he gave it to one who had doubled the amount that had been given him. Gratitude to the Savior for the most precious gift of Faith, to which is attached the promise of eternal life, should be manifested by our zeal in making Him known to those of our fellow men who know Him not. We need not preach the Gospel, nor go to foreign lands, but we should be living models of the teachings of the Gospel. We can spread the Faith, then, by our exemplary lives, by fidelity to the practices of our holy religion, by good works, for instance, by spreading Catholic literature, by explaining the teaching and practices of the Church when occasion demands and such explanation can be prudently given, by the performance of the spiritual and the corporal works of mercy, and by earnest prayer for the conversion of all men. This is an apostolate within the reach of all, an apostolate that can be exercised by everyone.

The Church blesses and encourages good works that have for their object the conversion of sinners—the making of all men one in Christ. Among the pious works of this kind is the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The League is essentially simple, yet it is an effective means for winning souls to Christ. Its object is threefold: (1) union and harmony among all Catholics, (2) the return of Protestants to union with the Mother Church, (3) the conversion of all non-Christians. The means suggested to attain his end are (1) a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the entire world, (2) the offering of an occasional Holy Communion, (3) the hearing of an occasional Mass for the intentions of the League. The League does not make assessments, exact dues, nor gather alms. Application for certificate of membership may be made to the Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Spirits and Spirits

The mere mention of spirits sets the wheels of the imagination in motion and the phantasy to work. Eliminating the brand of spirits that was penalized by the Volstead Act—material spirits, brings us to the spirits that can be juggled by mediums in their séances, at so much per capita. Delivering pretended spirit messages is a profitable business so long as there are victims to fleece; it fills the purse and swells the bank roll—the dear people bite so readily.

MAN LONGS FOR THE SPIRITUAL

Composed of body and soul as he is, it is but natural that man should have a longing for the spiritual. It is the Church that looks after the spiritual welfare of her subjects, but, when the Church is thrown overboard, the spirit wanders to other quarters to satiate its yearning. This is one reason for chasing phantom spirits. But it is beyond our purpose to write a treatise on

spiritism or spiritualism as its frequently called. There are other spirits more worthy of our attention.

THE MONTH OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS

The month of October is devoted to spirits, blessed spirits, angelic spirits. It is the month of the holy Angels, who are the ministering spirits of God. In the Old Testament and in the New there is frequent allusion to the Angels and their good offices. "Behold," we read in the book of Exodus (23:20), "I will send my Angel, who shall go before thee and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared. Take notice of him and hear his voice." Here is the promise of an angelic companion, guide, and protector. "He hath given his Angels charge over thee," says the Psalmist (90:11), "to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here again the Angel is guard and protector. "See that you despise not one of these little ones," said the Savior (Matth. 18:10), "for I say to you that their Angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." Is not this proof sufficient that we have Angels in heaven who guard us? From these and from numerous other passages of Holy Writ it is evident that the good angels, who are placed over us, have our welfare at heart.

GOOD SPIRITS—EVIL SPIRITS

As there are good Angels so also are there bad angels or evil spirits, and these latter seek to do us spiritual harm. St. Paul refers to these demons in his letter to the Ephesians (6:12) when he says: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the *spirits of wickedness* in the high places." In honor of the good Angels the Church has instituted a feast for October 2nd, namely, that of the Holy Guardian Angels. Individual feasts are appointed for the Archangels Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael. We ought to pay special honor to our Holy Guardian Angel to whose care we are committed. In this life we shall never know the benefits he has conferred upon us.

THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED

There is still another group of spirits that merits our consideration—the poor souls in purgatory. These poor souls are perfectly helpless and, next to the mercy of God, look to us for the charity of our prayers, Holy Communions, and other good works. Do they look in vain? While the month of November is devoted in particular to these really poor souls, it will not be out of place to ask our readers not to forget the great assistance they can render these prisoners on All Souls Day. From noon on All Saints until midnight on All Souls all the faithful can gain a plenary indulgence as often as they visit the church and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. Confession and Communion are also required, but the confession may be made with-

in the eight days previous or eight days following the feast, while the Holy Communion may be received the day before or within the eight days following; the visits, however, must be made within the time specified.

Not the Least

Pope Pius XI has said that "The power and influence of the Catholic press are so great that even the seemingly most insignificant activity in favor of the good press is always of great importance because great results may come therefrom."

Consider well these words and their significance. Even they play a part of great importance in this glorious work whose activity in behalf of the good press may seem most insignificant. Therefore, not only are Catholic writers and publishers to be honored and blessed for their efforts, but they too are deserving of high praise who do the practical work that is necessary to bring these writings and publications into the homes of our Catholic people. Of these the Catholic magazine salesman is not the least; for of what avail is the Catholic magazine if it does not find readers.

If the power and influence of the Catholic press is to increase, then subscriptions for the Catholic magazine, which is one of the most important mediums for the spread of Catholic reading, must continue to be sold. And it has been found that this work can be done most effectively by the Catholic man or woman who is willing to go from door to door selling these subscriptions.

Many splendid Catholic men and women are making this meritorious employment their means of livelihood, laboring daily and sometimes under trying conditions to win support for the Catholic press.

It is a great pity that there are not more willing to enter this field of endeavor, for those who engage in this work worthily are certainly earning for themselves a compensation that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

To be identified with Catholic press work in this capacity, is indeed an honor and a privilege. Of course, not all can give their time to such work, but at least all can assist by treating the Catholic magazine salesman with courtesy and consideration whenever he calls. He deserves your respect. Just remember that our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI has said: "Anything which you will do for the good press, I will consider as having been done for me personally." X.

Loneliness

NANCY BUCKLEY

Grey gulls are swerving through the misted air;
The moon is shadowed by a hazy screen;
The stars are meshed within a cloudy snare;
The waves break into sobbing, low and keen.

Cool winds swish softly on the lonely shore;
The rain's slim fingers beckon, grey and chill;
And I am longing to behold once more
A small white cottage nestling 'gainst a hill.

Christ the King

A Sovereign Who Never Passes But Abides Continually With Us

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert had announced the feast of "Christ Our King" for the last Sunday of October. "Another feast!" grumbled John Turney as the throng of worshipers was leaving church after the late Mass. "Haven't we plenty of feasts now?"

"What does it matter?" replied Tom Line. The feast is to be on a Sunday, so there will be no interference with business."

Neither spoke any further on the subject. After dinner Mr. Turney suggested that they turn on the radio. While tuning in they "got" music, speeches, recitals, etc. Finally, by giving the regulator one more turn, a clear, loud, full, distinct voice came in.

"Let's keep that," requested Mr. Line, "there is music in that voice."

Mr. Turney looked askance at Mr. Line. "Is this telepathy?" he asked. "Whoever he is I hope he didn't hear my 'knocking' this morning."

"You see," rejoined Mr. Line roguishly, "even the air is liable to do some eavesdropping nowadays."

"I repeat," sounded the broadcasting voice. "Some have asked me why we Catholics want to celebrate the feast 'Christ Our King'? 'It seems,' they said, 'that it is only a ruse of the Church to assert herself and to snatch unto herself state rights.'"

"This is an entirely mistaken notion. But before I can properly answer the question, I must explain three other facts, namely: that Christ is truly the King of the world; that Christ is today exiled, as it were; and that Christ must be brought back into His own."

"The Scriptures of both Testaments proclaim Christ as King. Suffice it to cite only the angel's message to the Blessed Virgin: 'Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a son and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord shall give unto Him the throne of David His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end.'"

"The titles of Christ's kingship are numerous: as Son of God all things are His by divine right; as Son of man they are His again, because by the Incarnation the hypostatic union was effected so that the human nature shares in the divine; as Redeemer of mankind

He bought the whole race and paid for it at no less a price than His own precious blood; as Head of the mystic body, the Church, He claims us Christians in virtue of another right, namely that which results from our oath of allegiance taken when we made our baptismal vows.

"Now the character of this kingdom is a spiritual one: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' In extension it is universal; it embraces all mankind. Hence Leo XIII wrote in his day: 'The empire of Christ extends not only over Catholic peoples and over those who, reborn in the fount of baptism, belong by right to the Church even though error has driven them far away and dissension has separated them from the bonds of love; it embraces even those who do not enjoy the Christian faith, so that all mankind is under the power of Christ.' Individuals, families, states, and society at large, all fall under His sway."

"He is the King who does not pass. Let me illustrate this: When, after the death of Leopold I of Belgium (d. 1865), Leopold II took possession of the Belgian throne, the future Cardinal Dechamps, standing on a high balcony, observed the magnificent parade. The king, surrounded by the noblest and the mightiest men of his realm, passed by whilst the people, intoxicated with joy, gave vent to their feelings by jubilant cries and cheers. The scene was an imposing one. Gradually all was changed. The observer on the balcony noticed how the pomp lost itself in the distance; how the shouts of the people became fainter and fainter; soon he saw at his feet the abandoned street where quiet reigned once more. All was over. A king had passed. The impression on the young man's heart was deep. He reflected: 'A king that passes by? No! I will serve a king who will not pass by.' The man left the balcony, entered the religious state in the Redemptorist Order, became a priest, archbishop of Mechlin, and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church."

"This leads me to the second fact to be explained. Although our King never passes but ever remains, yet the loyalty manifested by the Belgian people in the case of their sovereign is either denied Him altogether or passes more quickly than the hurrahs of the Belgian parade. The Holy Father says: 'The greater part of mankind has banished Jesus Christ and His holy law. Authority suddenly appears to be some-

thing not from God but from men, and consequently its foundations totter.

"First of all, individuals are infected. Christ is abandoned by them; their life is divorced from religion; their passions are given free scope, often under the mask of something else, for instance, of public good and love of country; egotism is fostered and the value of all things is measured by the false standard of mere temporal welfare.

"In the families domestic peace is grievously disturbed because of forgetfulness and wilful disregard of family duties. The natural unity and stability of the family is broken.

"The seeds of discord are sown betwixt nations, hatred is enkindled, rivalries are nourished that prevent the establishment of peace.

"Society as such is shaken, shaken to its very foundations and is plunging headlong into ruin.

"The one great evil lamented by the Holy Father is laicism, namely the constant effort to dechristianize and despiritualize everything. Instances we find in the denial that the Church has the right to make laws for the spiritual and eternal welfare of her children; Christ's religion is placed on a level with sham religions; the Church is made subject to civil authority in purely spiritual matters; mere natural practices, which are not religion at all, are often substituted for religion; some governments im-

agine they can get along very well without God.

"The powers responsible for such a state of affairs are digging their own graves and manufacturing their own coffins. Fate, or better, Providence at times manifests its irony. Thus the Blessed Sacrament Church in London is built on the very spot where Voltaire, that rabid enemy of Christ of the eighteenth century, was wont to make his haunt as often as he came to England. Indeed the heavenly Father, as the Psalmist expresses it, makes the enemies of Christ His footstool.

"But it is our mission as friends of Christ to bring Him back into His own. This is the third fact which I was to make plain.

"Christ the King must come back into the life of the individuals: their intellects must submit to His doctrine; their wills must bend to His precepts; their hearts must be attracted to Him and through Him to higher things; their bodies must serve as instruments of salvation.

"This King must once more be the dominant power of society: He must sit in the council of nations, at the conference table of employers and employees, in the legislatures of the various countries; His influence must be felt in the homes, in the municipalities, in the household of nations; His spirit must pervade the entire human family; His reign must extend to all human activities and relations; His rule must be



"BEHOLD THY KING WILL COME TO THEE . . . RIDING UPON AN ASS."—Zach. 9:9.

felt by all enterprises. There is no other name given under heaven by which men may be saved.

"Now it is the Holy Father's conviction that this restoration of Christ as King to the world can best be accomplished by the introduction of a feast in His honor as Our King. To achieve great results we need inspiring ideas. Such inspiring ideas are given by great celebrations.

"A feast speaks louder than a dead document: a document is dry and reaches only the mind whilst a feast, especially when solemnly celebrated, makes an impression on the heart; a document is read only by a few, whilst a feast affects all; a document may be issued once, a feast speaks every year.

"Such an annual feast will greatly assist all nations towards a condemnation and reparation of those public apostasies mentioned before. This feast will remind the world that the Church as Christ's society cannot renounce her liberty and independence in ruling and guiding souls to their eternal salvation. Moreover, the powers will be made to understand that priests and religious must enjoy that same freedom.

"Then, again, the more the name of our dear Redeemer is passed over in shameful silence, be it in international meetings or in parliaments, so much the more is it necessary to acclaim Him as King and to announce His title and rights everywhere in order to make some reparation for the hushing of the name of Christ.

"Besides, the celebration of this feast will recall to the nations their duty of publicly worshipping Christ, a duty which devolves not only upon individuals but upon rulers and governments as well.

"This public proclamation of Christ as King must instill fear into the hearts of those who ignore and reject Christ; for it must remind them that even if they refrain from acknowledging Him as king now, they can certainly not escape Him as judge after their death.

"Hence you who have heard me this evening will realize, I hope, that this feast is opportune. Nay, it is so opportune that even some non-Catholic ministers are heartily in accord with the thought.

"Next Sunday I shall again broadcast. The topic will be of a similar nature.

"This is Station W——"

The "W—" was followed by a screeching, a scratching, and a crackling which was too much for Mr. Turney. He could contain himself no longer. He almost shouted: "Confound that static. I wanted to get that station. The broadcaster must be a priest. Here this old fire whistle cut us all out. Well, we are going to Father Gilbert. You'll want to meet him anyway be-

fore you leave. I am going to make a clean breast of everything."

* * * * *

"Good evening, Father! I am here to surrender myself."

"Surrender yourself? Are you a fugitive from the law?"

"Almost. But, before I explain, meet Mr. Line, my friend from the Badger State."

"I am certainly pleased to meet you both. Now, what about the fugitive?"

Mr. Turney explained and added: "Father, isn't the new feast something rather sudden?"

"It is not. The Holy Father tells us that the way for the celebration of it was prepared gradually. Since the last century this cult was spread and defended in books of all languages. The consecration of individuals, of families, and of the world to the Sacred Heart foreshadowed this feast. Nor must the fact be ignored that the great number of the Eucharistic congresses held in our own times marvellously assisted in solidifying the royal power of Christ over mankind. These congresses invite the faithful of every diocese, state, and nation, in fact, of the whole world, to venerate and adore Jesus Christ hidden under the veil of the Eucharist; then, by public discourses, sermons, public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and those wonderful processions, as for instance the one at Mundelein in June, they aim to acknowledge and proclaim the kingdom of Christ which was bestowed upon Him by heaven itself. The Holy Father says: 'Thus it can be said most truly that the Christian people, inspired by the grace of God, take from the silence and darkness of our sacred temples to carry in triumph through the public streets that self-same Jesus and thus aid to reestablish Him whom on His entrance into this world unjust men refused to recognize.'

"How is the Blessed Sacrament connected with the feast?"

"Well, is not Christ in the Eucharist this very King whom we honor thereby? Let me quote to you a retort given by a Prussian Count, an officer in the army, to his superior in command. The young officer, always cheerful, bubbled over with wit and was ever welcome in the circle of his comrades. But his heart was in the right place and retained the impressions of his early religious training. One day he was relating to his friends amid their gaiety how he had played a harmless prank. Suddenly he paused, uncovered his head, and fell to his knees, for a priest was passing with Holy Viaticum on his way to a sick person. The count's comrades were astonished and a smile of mockery and contempt crept over the features of some. Nothing

daunted, he continued his narrative. In the evening he was in the company with some of his friends at a repast given by the commanding officer. After the wine had been liberally partaken of, one of the company remarked how unworthy of a soldier it was to kneel down in the street. Then the officer in command inquired: 'Is it really true that the count knelt down before a piece of bread?' 'Yes, I sank down into the dust, but let me put a question also to you.' 'Very well.' "Suppose the emperor, our commander-in-chief, were to go about in the attire of a beggar, would this change of dress be a just reason for refusing him the honor due him?" 'Such a question! you ought to know that this circumstance would not rob him of his right. In case you met him you would have to salute him as usual.' 'All right, this was my case today. The Supreme Lord of our emperors and kings was today hidden under the unpretentious appearance of bread. It was my duty as a Catholic to pay Him the respects due Him. Had I neglected this duty, I should have regarded myself as a miserable coward.' The scoffers were brought to silence."

"Evidently you have never heard," continued Father Gilbert after a momentary pause, "that in the time of Savonarola the Holy Eucharist was crowned as king of Florence. In the morning office of Corpus Christi we repeatedly say: 'Let us adore Christ our King,' meaning Christ in the Eucharist.—We have even a republic consecrated to the Blessed Sacrament. Venezuela has been known as "The Republic of the Blessed Sacrament" ever since its consecration to the Blessed Sacrament in 1889. The thirty-fifth anniversary of this consecration was commemorated in Venezuela in 1924 by a national Eucharistic congress in Caracas. Eight thousand children received Holy Communion in one day during the congress and 60,000 persons escorted the Blessed Sacrament during the solemn procession. Besides this, there were 30,000 additional persons who attended the final benediction."

"Well then why a separate feast?"

"I presume your broadcaster stressed the reasons for the feast. He must have done so if he followed the Holy Father's encyclical."

"Oh, yes, he gave a number of reasons, but not in reference to the Holy Eucharist."

"The Holy Father says that 'it is true, at least by way of implication, that the royal dignity of Christ appears to be amply recognized in other feasts,' and hence also in the feast of the Holy Eucharist. But the material object—the person or thing to which the devotion is directed—of all feasts of our Lord is Christ, the formal object, however,—the particular reason for the devotion—is different from that of the oth-

ers. It expresses by name both the royalty and the kingly power of Christ.' Therefore, if whilst worshipping Christ in the Eucharist, we have this particular object in view, we are paying our respects to Christ as our King in the most laudable way. It just now strikes me how Christ at times vindicates His authority.

"We are told in the life of St. Basil, who died in 379, that the Emperor Valens was a zealous defender of the Arians and a bitter enemy of the Catholics. Hence he took a church away from the Catholics and gave it to the Arians. St. Basil, knowing of how many Masses and Communions the Catholics would be deprived, approached the emperor and demanded the restoration of the church to the Catholics. The emperor replied the matter would have to be decided by higher authority. St. Basil accepted the proposal and suggested that the church be locked and barred by means of a double set of locks and bars. First, the Arians were to pray before the church, and then the Catholics. To whomsoever the doors would open of their own accord, the church should be given, because thus God's will would be plainly manifested. The emperor was pleased with the proposition and ordered the doors closed. The Arians, together with their bishop, prayed three days before the building, but there was no sign of an opening. Then St. Basil ordered a procession. He himself, attired in his episcopal robes, accompanied the supplicants to the church door, then in the presence of all he recited on his knees a brief but fervent prayer. Thereupon he chanted the words of the Psalmist: 'Lift up your gates, O ye princes . . . and the King of glory shall enter in.' He next struck the doors with his episcopal crosier and they immediately flew wide open. The Catholics with songs of joy on their lips entered the church. The bishop blessed the altar, said Mass, and distributed Communion to the Catholics."

"Wouldn't it be gratifying if Christ would now assert His rights as King over all the churches of the world?"

"No, Christ will not needlessly multiply miracles. He wants us to cooperate with Him in order to accomplish His ends. Therefore the Holy Father says: 'Who will compute the power and holiness which we can obtain from meditating on these things, if we do so with the object of modeling ourselves on the true standard of Christian life. Let us not think for one moment that we are losing our liberty or any other gift by letting Christ reign over us.'"

In the same way as a friend doth often visit a friend, so do thou often visit Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar.—St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi.

Little Walks in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

MANY of the smaller churches of Rome contain so much of beauty and are so full of historical interest that the pilgrim goes back to them again and again, never feeling that he has sufficiently studied and enjoyed them.

One sunny May afternoon finding himself in the Piazza Barberini, he enters the church of the Capuccini Fathers, Santa Maria della Concezione. This church was founded in 1686 by Cardinal Serberini, himself a Capuchin. The most remarkable painting is the church of Guido Reni's wonderful picture of the Archangel St. Michael tramping upon the devil. The head of St. Michael is singularly beautiful. On the brow there is a serene purity; the golden hair glows in a graceful manner; the eyes aflame with a divine courage. The devil is of specially repulsive aspect,—a veritable demon. The whole picture is a magnificent conception of a great genius. Other paintings are by Pietro de Cortona and Domenichino, both artists of stellar rank.

From the sacristy the pilgrim goes down a few steps to the famous cemetery of the Capuchins, consisting of four chambers and containing 3,000 dead friars. Skulls were placed one upon another until walls were made; the chandeliers were fashioned of bones; the ceiling and walls were decorated with arabesques of human joints; and in niches were standing several skeletons of the friars wrapped in brown cowls, their cords about their waists, and in their mummied hands bunches of withered flowers. A weird sight indeed! The pilgrim ponders over the uncertainty of life and the foolishness of running after the perishable things of time. Singularly impressed, he does not feel easy until he is out in the bright sunshine.

Taking a tram, he goes to the Piazza Colonna and here he visits the church of S. Maria in Via. This church was built in 1253 to receive a picture of Our Lady that was found floating on the surface of a well in the courtyard of Cardinal Capocci's house. The well and picture are now in one of the chapels of the church. Leo X gave the church to the Servite Fathers, who rebuilt it on a large scale. The quiet and restfulness of S. Maria in Via are in such contrast to the hurry and bustle of the Corso close by that the pilgrim lingers here far beyond his allotted time.

But all too soon he hastens away to the church of S. Maria in Ara Coeli, for he wants to see the famous Bambino enshrined there.

This church is on the Capitol hill and is one of the most interesting of Christian churches. A steep flight of marble steps leads up to the entrance. The interior is vast and impressive. The high altar has a painting of Our Lady that is much venerated. The marble pulpits are very handsome. The wonderful frescoes of Pinturicchio glow upon the walls of the chapel dedicated to St. Bernadine of Siena. The ceiling, a real work of art in its richly carved wood, heavily overlaid with gold, has a painting representing the victory of Lepanto when the Christian fleet was successful against the Turks.

The Franciscan Brother Sacristan shows the pilgrim the famous image of the Santissimo Bambino d'Ara Coeli. This image was carved by a Franciscan at Jerusalem in the seventeenth century out of wood taken from the Garden of Olives. It was brought to Ara Coeli in 1647. It is greatly venerated in Rome and many miraculous cures have been wrought by it when it has been carried to the beds of the sick.

A robe of finest silk covers the little Bambino; gold chains hang about his neck; upon his little hand are jewelled rings, and even his small feet are covered with silken sandals. Many letters addressed to him are scattered around his jewelled crown. It is not to be wondered at that He, the little babe of Bethlehem, rewards the simple faith of His children.

Every Christmas day an immense crowd gathers on the long flight of stairs leading to the church. The priest bearing the Bambino blesses the people who kneel reverently to receive the benediction.

With a fervent prayer to the sweet Bambino the pilgrim leaves Ara Coeli just as the golden sunset is flaming over the Eternal City.

* * * * *

One of the best ways to see Rome is to walk, with eyes open and mind alert, up and down and about the narrow streets, and let the impressions of the life and color of the city sink deeply into the heart.

So along the Corso the pilgrim strolls one April afternoon, knowing that he will find much of interest along the way. This fine street was once called Via Lata (Broad Street), and follows the line of the ancient Via Flaminia. Four triumphal arches spanned it in imperial times. Many churches are built on the Corso or in the piazzas opening out of it. But the pilgrim may linger for a brief moment only in some of them.

The little church of Gesu e Maria is first visited. The façade is by Rinaldi and the interior is rich in bronzes and marbles. The high altar has a fine painting of the coronation of Our Lady.

In San Lorenzo in Lucina in the small Piazza of San Lorenzo, there is the Crucifixion, the great painting of Guido Reni, over the high altar. It is considered his masterpiece. So impressive is it, so awful the majesty and desolation of the dead Christ that the heart is torn with emotion and the eyes are suddenly blinded with tears. This church is of very ancient origin, and is supposed to have been the home of a Christian lady named Lucina and converted by her into an oratory.

The church of San Marcello al Corso has much of beauty in its many paintings and marbles. The masterpieces that made the reputation of Pierino del Vaga are here in all their exquisite loveliness. The body of St. Marcellus lies under the high altar, and the miraculous crucifix that was found uninjured after the fire of 1519 is venerated in one of the side chapels.

The pilgrim next comes to the church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, one of the most attractive of the smaller churches of Rome. He descends the crypt of the church, which originally was the house where St. Paul was imprisoned for two years. Here the "Captive of Jesus Christ" carried on his apostolic work, and the fountain which miraculously sprang up in answer to his prayer for water for baptism, is still shown. It was here that he converted Onesimus; here that he wrote his epistles, here that he preached the Cross of Christianity. The pilgrim can picture him in the shadowy crypt: tall, venerable with flowing beard, eyes burning with his intense love for his Master, hands fettered with cruel chains, yet raised to pour the waters of baptism on his Roman converts.

Before returning to his pensione the pilgrim lingers by the Fountain of Trovi, admiring the noble statue of Neptune with his floundering steeds and the Tritons blowing their massive horns. He listens to the music of the waters, cascading into the great marble basin. Girls with baskets on their heads pass by, urchins play their games, and vendors cry their wares. Fascinated by the beauty of the scene he forgets the hour. The dusk flings a purple veil over the hissing waters. Then he remembers that he is far away from his pensione, and that his genial host will cast many reproachful glances at him for being late again for supper. Flinging a penny into the Trovi to insure his return to Rome, the pilgrim hastens away, taking with him the memory of a happy afternoon in the city built upon seven hills.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga passed all his time in the church when obedience did not call him elsewhere. Before retiring he would say lovingly: "Retire from me, O Lord, retire from me."

As Shakespeare Might View This Automobile Age

MYRTLE CONGER

Prologue: "These most brisk and giddy-paced times."—*Twelfth Night*, II—4.

A Horse: "I can not but remember such things were."—*Macbeth*, IV—3.

The Flivver: "There's the humor of it."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II—1.

The First Car:—"An ill-favored thing, sir."—*As You Like It*, V—4.

Considering a More Expensive Model:—"We would, and we would not."—*Measure for Measure*, IV—4.

The Motor Bus:—"What a case am I in."—*As You Like It*, V—4.

The Man Without a Car: "He is of a melancholy disposition."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, I—1.

The Salesman:—"He will be talking."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, III—5.

When Notes Fall Due:—

"A few of the most unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper."—

Merchant of Venice, III—2.

The Service Station: "Rob me the exchequer."—*King Henry IV*, III—2.

The Horn:—

"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

As You Like It, IV—2.

The Traffic Cop:—"He arrests him on it."—*Measure for Measure*, I—4.

The Right-of-Way Fiend:—"I'll not budge an inch."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. 1.

The Man Who Holds the Center of the Road:—"I do desire we may be better strangers."—*As You Like It*, III—2.

The Speeder:—"I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways."—*As You Like It*, V—1.

The Pedestrian:—"Even in the force and road of casualty."—*Merchant of Venice*, II—9.

The man who tries to beat the train across:—"Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs."—*King Richard II*, III—2.

The Tourist:—"I'll put a girdle about the earth."—*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II—1.

A Speedway Race:—"O, wonderful, wonderful!"—*As You Like It*, III—2.

The Air-Plane:—"They say miracles are past."—*All's Well That Ends Well*, II—2.

Mary Rose, Graduate

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

CHAPTER IX

DIVINE FIRE

"SATURDAY," said Miss Ames, the physical training teacher, "if it is fair, we are going to—Well, what do you think?" she broke off smilingly to question her listeners.

"We couldn't guess," said one.

"And we wouldn't try," said another. "So seldom does anything really pleasant happen on Saturday."

"Don't be a pessimist," advised Bride gaily. "Pleasant things happen every day. Didn't we have creamed potatoes and hot biscuits last Saturday instead of the usual dull fare? I know this is something pleasant because Miss Ames is to be part of it, and she's a pleasant person. Please hurry and tell us, Miss Ames. It's hard on our nerves when you keep us waiting."

"Nerves, you healthy young mortals!" scoffed Miss Ames. "You don't know what they mean. But I won't keep you waiting. You're going to have a free day."

"But Saturday's always a free day," said Agnes Flynn.

"If you care to call it that," amended Margaret Mary. "I can't say that I personally agree with you. Cleaning all morning, getting our hair brushed, embroidery lesson two hours in the afternoon, confessions, a long walk before supper, and evening recreation cut short a whole half hour for baths. And I invariably have mending left over from Friday which I have to squeeze in somewhere. Free Day! Humph!"

"Oh, hush!" impatiently implored Kathleen. "You and Agnes please remove your debate to the corridor. We are all far more interested in what Miss Ames has to say. More, Miss Ames, please."

"You will do your cleaning Friday evening after school," said Miss Ames, "and will have confessions in the morning directly after Mass. Sister Dolores has kindly consented to pack sandwiches and apples for us, and at nine o'clock we shall be ready to start. We will take the car to the end of the line, and then hike three miles to Baker's Grove, where we will lunch and spend the day."

"Hurray! Oh, goody!" The room was filled with joyful exclamations. Only one girl was silent. LuJane Sommers, who had slipped on the stair a few days before, and twisted her ankle, looked disappointed. A three-mile hike

was out of the question for her. She was not even permitted to climb stairs, but used the nuns' elevator. Mary Rose slipped a comforting arm around her.

"I'll stay with you if you can't go," she whispered.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," remonstrated LuJane quickly, even as she squeezed her hand gratefully.

LuJane was a different girl from the egotistic, too-sophisticated, know-it-all person who had come to St. Angela's at the beginning of the year. Not a little of this difference she owed to Mary Rose Ensley, who had tried in every way to make up to LuJane for the harsh lesson which she and her sister graduates had taught the new girl during those first weeks of school. That escapade over, Mary Rose had been sorry—very sorry, and not a little ashamed. She had confessed to LuJane, and induced her comrades to do likewise. Then she had tried to become friendly with her, and LuJane's former superficial admiration of Mary Rose, as the most popular girl in the school, had quickly changed to a deep and abiding affection for her. Mary Rose, in her turn, had grown fond of LuJane as she saw how honestly and earnestly the newcomer was trying to lose her old self and to conform to the standards of the convent school. Six months ago Posey would have been in an agony of spirit at the bare idea of spending half a day in LuJane's company. Now she cheerfully offered to give up a whole holiday for her—and that when holidays were very scarce in the lives of the busy graduates.

"Oh, yes, I will," she insisted with a smile. "I won't mind staying at home with you. We'll have no end of fun."

"Who is talking about staying at home?" demanded Miss Ames, overhearing.

"Posey was offering to keep this poor cripple company," said LuJane. "Isn't she the unselfish youngster? And she thinks I'll permit such a sacrifice. But I won't."

"Nor I," said Miss Ames. "Nor will I permit you to stay home from the picnic, LuJane. Where there's a will there's a way. Of course you can't walk, but you can ride. There's my car, but I'll have to hike with the girls. Who can drive?"

"I can," volunteered Mary Rose modestly. "We've the same kind of car at home, and I often drive."

"Then that's settled," said Miss Ames, with a sigh of relief. "Mother Superior will give the necessary permission, and you may take LuJane. Also the sandwiches."

So it happened that when the other girls set forth in high spirits on the cars headed toward the city limits, Mary Rose and LuJane, with equally high spirits, were spinning out the white highway in Miss Ames's beautiful gray car. The hour was early, and traffic on the road was not heavy, but Mary Rose drove slowly while their lips chatted of inconsequential things, and their eyes drank in the beauties of the world in May. A little while, and they turned from the main highway into a narrower country road, which wound between greenening fields and old orchards, pink-crowned with blossoms. At the first four corners they consulted a signboard.

"To the right," said Mary Rose, "Miss Ames said it was two miles out the Millersville road. Look, there's a windmill ahead. Let's stop and get a drink. I love to hear a windmill creaking, and drink water that's been pumped up in one of those funny little square tanks. I used to go with the Beckwith twins out in the country to their Aunt Bessie's and drink gallons. Aunt Bessie was a dear old lady who always wore pink percale dresses she called 'Mother Hubbards,' and fed us ginger bread. And oh, what ginger bread! Cute little gingerbread men with raisins for eyes, and red sugar mouths—and gingerbread cats and dogs."

"I think you must have had lovely times when you were a little girl," said LuJane wistfully. "I never knew any lovely old ladies—only the kind that stay at hotels and use lots of powder. And I've never even tasted gingerbread. It sounds so homey and good when you tell of it. Oh, here is the windmill house. Do let's stop. Look at the lilac bushes in bloom. They're so big and so full of blossoms—they must be a hundred years old. Do we go around to the back door?"

"I suppose so," said Mary Rose. "It would be polite to use a cup, I imagine. When I drank water from the windmill tank at Becky's Aunt Bessie's house, I often scooped it out in the palms of my hands, but that's hardly etiquette at seventeen, whatever it may be at seven. I wonder if this is a pink percale lady?" She knocked gently at the door.

The door flew open almost instantly, and a tear-stained, distracted woman appeared before them. The greeting she gave them was most amazing.

"Oh!" she cried, throwing her arms about LuJane, who was the nearer. "Oh, thank God, thank God! Surely He sent you here. Oh, my dears, my dears! Will you take my baby to a

doctor? He drank a whole bottle of cough medicine, and I can't waken him. Oh, I'm so scared—so scared! Tom's gone—and it's a mile to the nearest phone. Oh, please—please."

"Oh, you poor thing!" cried Mary Rose all compassion. She brushed by the weeping woman and caught up the little two-year-old from his cot in the kitchen. "Oh, LuJane, isn't he sweet—and pitiful? He's white as paper. Look!" The tiny creature twitched spasmodically in every small limb while his eyes flew open wildly. Then he stiffened and quieted, and his breathing grew fainter and fainter.

"It's dying, isn't it?" asked LuJane, drawing back affrightedly.

"I—don't know." A sob of sympathy choked Mary Rose. "We've no time to lose. Where's the nearest doctor?"

"Millersville," said the woman. "Three miles. Oh, hurry, hurry!" She took the child from Mary Rose's arms and pressed it to her breast in a frenzy of anxiety.

Mary Rose hesitated for the fraction of a second. Then with swift decision she slipped her hand inside her blouse and unpinned her Sacred Heart badge. She pinned it on the little one with trembling fingers, praying as she did so.

"Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus, help us be in time!"

An odd look passed over the face of the baby's mother—an expression hard to define. Mary Rose gave it no thought. Already she was running to the car, slipping into her seat at the wheel, pressing her foot on the starter, waiting for the instant when LuJane and the mother and child were in the car. Now she was off, the shining gray car cutting through the sweet air of morning with a frantic haste that was in direct antithesis to their former slow and leisurely progress. Telephone poles slid by with astonishing rapidity. Houses approached and as quickly fell behind. A farmer lad, trudging to a field, yelled an unintelligible comment anent their breaking of the speed laws. Mary Rose gripped the wheel firmly and looked straight ahead. Her lips moved silently, and both LuJane and the mother knew that she was still praying, "Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus, help us be in time!" And then, just as they approached a tiny bridge a strange thing happened. The mother reached out with an abrupt gesture and clutched Mary Rose's arm.

"Stop, please," she said earnestly.

Wondering at this strange request when minutes were so precious, Mary Rose obeyed.

"You're a Catholic, aren't you?" asked the woman.

Mary Rose nodded, and the woman began to cry again, holding out the baby entreatingly.

"I—I ought to be one too," she said. "I used to be—but I've grown careless. I married out of the Church—and I—Oh, my little baby has never even been baptized, and it may die before we reach town. Would you—could you?"

"Of course. Indeed, I can," said Mary Rose, understanding at last. She scrambled from the car, and slipped and slid down the rough hillside to the creek that danced along beneath the tiny bridge. When she came back she carried a few inches of water in her straw hat.

"Hold him over here, LuJane," she said, and then she reverently poured the water on the head of the little one, the while she pronounced the solemn words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"God bless you!" said the mother fervently, wiping her eyes. "If anything happens now, my darling will be safe with the Sacred Heart."

Three hours later Mary Rose and LuJane left a miraculously recovered baby, and a grateful mother at her door.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me—NEVER!" said the latter. "You saved my darling, coming as you did like angels from heaven, just when I needed you. And you," she turned to Mary Rose, "you did something else for me, you sweet-faced creature, when you pinned that Sacred Heart badge on my baby and made me think of a Faith I had nearly forgotten. I have learned my lesson, I tell you. I'm going to Confession this very week and get straightened out again, and raise my baby a child of the Sacred Heart." Here she choked and could say no more.

The two girls were silent as they continued their interrupted journey to Baker's Grove. Somehow neither felt much like talking. The exuberant feeling with which they had started for the picnic had vanished. A picnic seemed a very tame experience compared with what they had just gone through, and it gave them both a sensation of anticlimax when their coming was hailed with joyous shouts by the hungry hikers.

"It's time you came!" they cried ravenously. "What on earth happened? Not that we missed YOU particularly, but WHERE ARE THE SANDWICHES?"

Mary Rose looked at LuJane and smiled, and LuJane smiled back.

"Sandwiches!" that exchange of looks said plainly, "Who is so childish as to think of sandwiches?"

They went to make their excuses to their chaperon.

* * * * *

"Mary Rose," said LuJane, as they drove slowly homeward amid the lengthening shadows

of afternoon, "you have a lot of faith, haven't you?"

Mary Rose was mildly surprised. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Yes, I suppose I have. All Catholics have. It's a part of us."

"Not like I mean," said LuJane positively. "I've known some who were, oh, just ordinary. But you! You have a sweetness shining from within—a something—Oh, I can't express it. I suppose a poet would call it a fire divine."

"Why, LuJane!" protested Mary Rose, blushing rosy, "I've nothing of the kind. Bride is like that, but I—"

"You have, too," insisted LuJane stoutly. "Her goodness is sweet and quiet and steady—and natural. It isn't luminous and shining like yours. It isn't a divine fire. You don't know you have it, and that makes it all the more lovely. You do things no one else would do—like pinning that badge on that baby."

"Any Catholic would," said Mary Rose quietly.

"Any Catholic wouldn't," contradicted LuJane. "Some of them—good Catholics, too—would have been afraid they'd offend the mother. There are lots of girls right here at St. Angela's that wouldn't have done it. I know. When I ask them things about the Catholic religion, they hem and haw and speedily change the subject. They are just afraid they'll hurt my feelings. But you explain things beautifully—and you never try to make me believe black isn't black, but a kind of dark purple. If it's black, or you believe it's black, you say so. You don't equivocate. Mary Rose, if we were in an accident right now, and were both killed, do you think we'd both go to Heaven? Do you think I would?"

Mary Rose was startled by the abrupt question. "Why?" she asked, "Why do you ask? You're as good as you can be, LuJane."

(Continued on page 269)

The Eucharistic Christ

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

I go where your heart goes;
My Heart throbs with your heart:
In its utmost joys and woes,
I share, I form a part.

Your life is Mine, is Mine;
Myself as Gift I give;
You rest with the Divine:
God's very life you live.

All life is found in Me;
In Me Love's Self is given;
Taste of Eternity
Of God and Heaven!

The Rich Catholic and his Money

HARRY W. FLANNERY

CARDINAL O'Connell of Boston has been quoted as saying that the rich Catholics' uncharitableness is a "flagrant disgrace." He says that while the poor Catholics are "blood brothers" of generous Protestants, that rich Catholics give much less than their fellow Christians. Many Church authorities agree with the Cardinal, and all of us know many wealthy Catholics who attend church services regularly, receive Holy Communion frequently, contribute a little more to charities than other members of the parish, and feel that they have done their duty.

There are many plausible reasons for this failure of wealthy Catholics to give as much as wealthy Protestants. Failure to understand properly the Catholic viewpoint on the duty of giving is the most important reason. To the smug millionaire at ease in his plenty the Catholic teaching on the matter is very startling. Although the philosophy is practical, very sensible, and cannot be refuted by reasonable arguments, it is not well known.

"I do not believe I had any clear idea of the obligation of giving out of superfluous goods until I studied for the priesthood," an authority on Catholic economics in our largest Catholic university recently told his class. Priests seldom preach the arguments of Catholic charity except in its abstract fundamentals, and it is no wonder, then, that rich Catholics do not realize that they are delinquent in their obligations. A few sermons on the subject might, perhaps, show the wealthy why they are failing in their duty towards their fellowmen and their God.

There are other reasons besides misunderstanding for the attitude of so many Catholics. It is likely that more Protestants grow up with wealth than Catholics. Most wealthy Catholics earned their riches. It is natural, then, that many Catholics would be uninclined to give. People who earn wealth are more likely to cling to it than those who grow up with it, because the latter have less appreciation of its value as measured by the difficulties of obtaining it.

Looked at from a quite material point of view, one might say that Catholics have less to gain by church contributions than Protestants. Assuming that the spiritual reasons for giving are of equal force and result, the material reasons are less for the Catholic since he cannot purchase social prestige by parish charity, while the Protestant can.

Another reason was given by a man who

writes considerable on religious matters, and is closely connected with the church. He said that Catholic parishioners do not have enough share in parish affairs, and are less inclined to give because they do not have a direct interest in the distribution of their money.

But the Cardinal was not referring to church contributions alone. He referred generally to the gifts of rich Catholics to the welfare of people and institutions as compared to the gifts of Protestants to the same purposes. The real reason for the Catholic delinquency in fulfilling charitable obligations is that they are ignorant of the extent of their duty. The scriptural and fundamental reasons for charity are well known, but the extent of the duty is not well known. Everyone recalls the chapter from St. Matthew promising eternal happiness to those who have fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, received the stranger, covered the naked, visited the sick and the imprisoned, and denying happiness to those who did not do these things. We are equally familiar with the story about the rich young man, and know the scriptural phrases: "Woe to you rich"; "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth"; "You cannot serve God and Mammon." But few of us are acquainted with the further reasonings of the theologians and economists concerning the distribution of superfluous wealth.

All of the Fathers of the Church do not agree on the theory. Some maintain that all superfluous wealth should go to the poor, while others say that only a certain portion is owed to those in want. St. Thomas Aquinas is a recognized authority on most controversial matters. He said:

"According to the order of nature instituted by Divine Providence, the goods of the earth are designed to supply the needs of men. The division of goods and their appropriation through human law do not thwart this purpose. Therefore, the goods which a man has in superfluity are due by the natural law to the sustenance of the poor."

Pope Leo XIII says much the same thing: "When one has provided sufficiently for one's necessities and the demands of one's state of life, there is a duty to give to the indigent out of what remains. It is a duty not of strict justice, save in cases of extreme necessity, but of Christian charity."

The reasoning of these men startles the rich

Catholic who has felt satisfied that he did his bit by giving a little more than the other parishioners. But the reasoning of the Fathers is perfectly sound, and is understood by a consideration of true human welfare. If a man admits that men are intrinsically sacred, created by God, and essentially equal in their rights to a certain share of created things, he must admit that his poorer fellows are entitled to the superfluous riches of the wealthy. Many men have a false conception of what constitutes superfluity. They err so much in their ideas that, by their own reasoning, they could hardly ever be said to possess more than enough wealth. The fallacy of their reasoning exists in their forgetting that man is a rational being, essentially spiritual. His body is entitled to development only insofar as its development aids the development of his mind or soul. In man the senses are secondary and have a claim to satisfaction only as they contribute to the welfare of the essential man, the ego, the mind, the soul.

Some students of social justice have endeavored to determine standards for giving. One investigator has divided people into three classes for the purpose of simplifying his reasoning: those possessing barely sufficient for life, who are obliged to give to no one, except those near death; those possessing sufficient for conventional necessities and comforts in relation to their state in life, who are obliged to give to those in extreme or grave need; and those possessing more than enough needed for existence and maintenance of social position, who are obliged to give to those in extreme, grave, or ordinary need.

The amount that constitutes a superfluity naturally varies with circumstances and persons. Father Ryan, nationally known as the greatest Catholic authority on economics, places the amount at a reasonable point. "Somewhere between five and ten thousand dollars a year lies the maximum expenditure that any family can reasonably devote to its material wants," he says. "This is independent of the outlay for education, religion, and charity, and the things of the mind generally." Other investigators agree with Father Ryan. In an article on "What Can a Man Afford?" printed in 1921, Paul and Dorothy Douglas answered the question, too. Their investigations were made in 1918. They assumed that there was no justification for expenditures except for rational wants coupled with the capacity for reasonable living. They set \$1,200 as the lower limit for reasonable family expenditures at which level they said there was no superfluity. The maximum limit was set at \$20,000, for most people. All over that amount, they said, was a super-

fluity for those earning \$40,000 a year. For those earning more than \$40,000 the superfluity was to be estimated in accordance with a scale that varied considerably, dependent on the circumstances and capacities of the possessor. They considered a percentage of investments as constituting a just means of fulfilling part of the obligations of distributing wealth, since investments put capital in circulation to encourage commercial progress. A table on the calculations suggests the following distribution:

Family Income	Living Expenses	Charity	Investments
\$5,500	85.5%	3.6%	8.9%
\$10,500	73.8%	4.8%	16.0%
\$22,500	61.1%	7.7%	21.9%
\$45,000	44.9%	19.0%	23.2%
\$1,200,000	2.7%	20.7%	20.49%

They assumed that legal and moral obligations were provided for from the totals also.

Father Ryan suggests charities that should receive benevolences: "Churches, schools, scholarships, hospitals, asylums, housing projects, insurance against unemployment, sickness, and old age, and benevolent and scientific purposes generally, constitute the best objects and agencies of effective distribution," he says.

As soon as men come to realize the extent of their charitable duties and act in accordance, the welfare of the people generally will be advanced, and suffering and distress will be alleviated. But as long as men put the senses above the soul and do not make rational use of the riches they possess, they will not do justice. Catholics particularly have a duty to make their money work to the benefit of society, and by aid to others they can end the conditions that Cardinal O'Connell calls a "flagrant disgrace."

Miserere, Domine

MINNIE MORTIMER

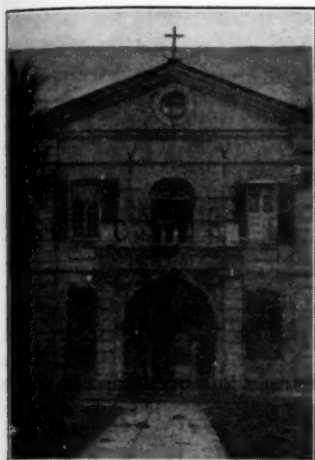
Lord, have mercy upon me!
Yet in this sinful breast
Lurks hatred of my enemy.
Dear Lord, I pardon him for Thee,
To win Thy pardon blest.

Christ, have mercy upon me,
Who suffered bitter pain.
Yet scanty mercy do I show
My neighbor... pity then his woe;
Let me not plead in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon me
In dark temptation's hour;
And when I fall, oh, help me rise!
Turn, turn to me Thy loving eyes,
For Love hath endless pow'r!

Old Ursuline Convent--New Orleans

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS



IT WOULD be a great mistake in studying the early history of New Orleans, to ignore the influence which the Ursuline Nuns have exerted there. During the first century of life in New Orleans its fairest daughters were given to the Ursulines, who had sole charge of their education. Indeed, from the very beginning

of the city, in 1718, the activity of the Ursulines in the old capital city of the French empire in America is incontestable. As early as 1728 they came to the rescue of the better class of young men in the city. These gallants desired to marry, but because of the scarcity of young girls, they could find no suitable mates. The convent authorities sent to Canada for a consignment (as the historian calls it) of lovely young girls, who, because each girl was furnished with a curiously wrought casket, the gift of the Bishop of Quebec, were called the "Cassette girls." They were taken charge of by the Ursulines and well educated until, as young ladies, they were honorably married. Many well-known New Orleans families of today proudly trace their origin back to the marriage of some French gentleman with a lovely Fille de la Cassette. Thus, the old Ursuline convent is the cradle of New Orleans' earliest social status, for the finished product of the institution, the talented and refined young ladies, became the social arbiters of their day, yet having all those excellent virtues which later made them revered wives and mothers, and whose children became the backbone of the religious, intellectual, social, and commercial life of the city. Hence, we realize how large and useful a part the old Ursuline convent had in the upbuilding of New Orleans.

The convent building was erected in 1730. Still standing, it is gray with the mist of two

centuries. It is the first convent built for women in America. It is, therefore, the oldest conventual structure in our country. It is the oldest building standing in that vast realm which originally constituted the Louisiana Territory. The first American born nun, Mary Turpin, made her profession in the old convent chapel of this building. The convent building was used by the Ursulines for ninety-four years, when they moved to better and larger quarters. The building then became the "Archbishop's palace." It was here where the lamented Archbishop Janssens passed the last days of his fruitful life. In 1903-04 the old building was given over to college purposes and to the Oblate Fathers, pastors of the "Italian Church," who have remodelled and refitted one wing of the old building into living and rectory quarters. If there be a building in New Orleans which has fulfilled its mission, it is this old convent building: convent, archbishop's residence, seminary, college, and rectory.

The old building is melancholy. Its halls, dormitories, upper rooms, and the stairways, are silent. The hall floors are much worn, especially so the stairways—built by sailors, without the use of a nail—which are deeply grooved from the tread of countless ascending and descending steps. The plastered walls are bare. The nuns' cell rooms, with the room number still on the door panel, are silent and empty,—in sorrowful isolation, it seems. But it was not always so. Let our imagination carry us back into the past and we see here the scenes of by-gone days, when the hallways echoed to the footsteps of busy Ursulines, to the music of sweet voices, and to the rich laughter of lovely girls, who once rested their jeweled fingers on the very balustrades, and whose distinguished beauty and charm gave to old New Orleans a brilliant social court. Here tears of joy mingled with tears of sadness; here, in the days gone by, prayer, study, and play kept time; here graduates whispered the secrets of their trysting places. In lingering in the hallways and rooms, and tracing the historical chronicles of the early girlhood of New Orleans—a girlhood that terminated in a womanhood remarkable for its piety and sense of Christian duty—we wish it could be so again.

Bidding the Oblate Fathers good-bye, I left the old building by the front entrance. The sun

(Continued on page 267)

Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B., Weingarten, Wuerttemberg

IN GALILEE

LEAVING the mountains of Samaria and passing into the province of Galilee we enter at (Jenin) into the largest plain in the old country of Israel, that of Esdrelon or Jezrahel. It was in past ages most fertile; and as it offers also the most comfortable route from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, it has always been the goal of plundering and invading nations, as well as the usual battle field for the armies of the South, North, and East. In times of tranquillity it produced an abundance of oil and wheat, while on the slopes of the encircling and protecting mountains vineyards were flourishing. Thus we have in the neighborhood of Nazareth, which lies in the mountains a little to the North a reminder of the elements of the holy Sacraments, especially of the Holy Eucharist. But in our days the neglected plain and the memory of Naboth's vineyard of Jezrahel, at the Eastern slope of the plain, bring to our minds also serious and warning thoughts. The robbery of Naboth's vineyard by a tyrannous king, despising God's natural as well as His positive law, is a sample of the many spoliations of God's vineyard, the Church, and of the diversion of property, given for the spiritual maintenance of Christ's family and the sacrificial worship of God, to secular and profane uses. And the swampy, unhealthy, and neglected plain of Esdrelon, as it appears today, shows us that such sacrilegious injustice brings no lasting blessing on the land and its inhabitants. If all the spoliators have not incurred, like Achab and Jezrahel, the temporal punishment in this world, they will not escape the same revenging God, who through His Prophet Elias pronounced the terrible sentence against the murderers and spoilers of Naboth.

Nazareth lies in a narrow valley surrounded by rocky hills, so that it is not noticed until we reach its first houses. The inhabitants, unwilling to spoil the few acres of fertile land in the valley by buildings, constructed their houses up the steep, rocky slope, so that standing on the opposite mountain one can at a glance see the whole of the little town, counting now over 7000 inhabitants, half of whom are either Greek or Latin Catholics. The quiet town had in Gospel times the character of a Tabernacle of our Lord; for here the Word was made flesh, and here He dwelt the greater part of his life, hidden,

unnoticed, and unknown, except to the two holy souls who had the faith and were introduced by messages from on high into the mystery of the Incarnation. In the sacred care of the Annunciation, which is now under the high altar in the Latin church, served by the Franciscans, and in the crypts under Saint Joseph's Church, enclosing the foster father's workrooms, these two great Saints constantly adored the hidden God, and were daily more and more sanctified by Him and through their fervor they made reparation for the ignorance, indifference, and neglect of other Nazarenes. From the conduct of the latter on the only occasion of Our Lord's preaching in the synagogue of Nazareth we see that even the prolonged nearness of the Incarnate Son of God does not of itself sanctify the neighboring but indifferent residents. They despised Him as the carpenter's son, and when he put his finger on their weak and tender spot, their pride, they felt wounded, became angry, refused to listen to Him, cast Him out of the city, and would have killed Him by throwing Him down a precipice, had He not by His majestic bearing prevented such a crime. Does not history repeatedly give us examples of the fury with which Satan inspired God's enemies against our Eucharistic Savior? How often has He not been profaned in the Sacrament of His love, and cast out of His sacred dwelling, and of whole towns, provinces and countries? And His priests have been persecuted like Himself with deadly hatred, banished, imprisoned, and executed, because the powers of hell wanted to prevent the repetition of the saving mystery of Nazareth, which takes place in the Consecration of each Holy Mass to God's glory and the salvation of souls. In many cases Our Lord has sent other priests in the place of his martyrs, so as to keep the light of faith burning and to supply the hungry after justice with the Bread of Life; but from other places He has withdrawn His saving presence altogether, as He did from Nazareth during the rest of His lifetime and has not returned there again.

On the other hand, we are reminded by the neighboring Cana, only a few miles distant, of Our Lord's generosity towards faithful and trusting believers. There He worked His first miracle, which was a clear foreshadowing of the transubstantiation; and the fact that it

was wrought, not to relieve an urgent necessity, but only an embarrassment, brings home to us the fact that Our Lord risked the many profanations in the Holy Eucharist in order that He might not only succor the dying and the most needy, but that He might also console and cherish those who are even slightly troubled, but look to Him for refreshment. At the outskirts of the little village we pass its only spring, which probably was favored to supply the water for the great miracle. The scene of the latter is shown in the Catholic Church, and visitors to Cana are always urged by children to buy small models of the original pots, which contained the miraculous wine. How valuable would one of the original vessels be now for us.

To the East of Nazareth and South of Cana, about equally distant from both, is Mount Tabor, the reputed scene of our Lord's Transfiguration. The roads lead across rough hills and valleys; but one can now drive on a comfortable carriage road from the plain of Esdrelon, branching off eastwards before reaching Nazareth. The old path is very steep, and the climbing of the mountain itself takes the greater part of an hour. I arrived on a July evening in the dusk, and was the only guest in the hospitable Franciscan Casa Nova. Standing on the veranda before four o'clock next morning I witnessed a most glorious sunrise. First there was a fog or cloud, which became gradually lit up and reminded me of the bright cloud into which Moses and Elias entered. Then the sun appeared like a glaring red disc, and finally in all his majesty, rising quickly above the horizon, like a giant running his route. I said the Mass of the Transfiguration in the poor little chapel, which has since been replaced by a grand Church, built by American benefactors on the foundations of the medieval Crusaders' sanctuary, for the peaceful guardianship of which a number of German Benedictines gave their lives at the invasion of the Turks about 1290.

From the summit of the holy mountain the eye drinks in the scenery of mountainous Galilee, the special scene of our Lord's preaching and miracles. He himself passed through its many townlets and villages, and thither did He send first His Apostles and later on His seventy-two disciples, to gather in, as it were, the harvest He had sown. For did he not say: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few?" And whilst at Jerusalem there were after the Ascension but 120 disciples, who had been faithful during the time of the Passion, there were gathered round Him in Galilee after His Resurrection more than 500 on a mountain, which he had appointed them before they left the holy city. Holy Scripture does not tell us

which mountain it was; but we should not go far wrong if we presumed it was Mount Tabor, first on account of its association with His anticipated glory, then also because there they would be undisturbed by our Lord's enemies; and finally, because it was not too far from the lake of Galilee, where he appeared to his fishing Apostles, neither from the hospitable house of Saint Mary Magdalene outside Capharnaum, which no doubt offered shelter to the Apostles.

The holy places in the mountains of Galilee cannot in our days be verified with certainty, but there seems no need for that, for the whole country is sacred ground with traces of the Holy Eucharist. There the disciples were picking and chewing the still juicy grains on the Sabbath day, anticipating, as it were, the Eucharistic Sabbath Meal; and our Lord in defending them against the Pharisees, quoted the example of David's eating the loaves of proposition at Nob, which were a type of the Sacred Host of the New Testament. On two occasions He multiplied the bread in the wilderness to feed the multitudes who had followed Him, hanging on His lips for days, not noticing that they had outrun their scanty provisions. By those miracles He has given us an assurance that he will not let our souls die of spiritual weakness if we follow him faithfully; and that if we do not neglect His call in days of health, he will in our direst need either send us a priest with the Holy Viaticum, or by a spiritual Communion supply Himself directly all our needs. These miracles also facilitate our belief in the incomprehensible mystery of His real presence in all the Catholic tabernacles; for if He was able to multiply the loaves of bread, He is also able to multiply His glorious body in such a way that He can fulfil His loving desire, always and everywhere to be near us. And the lively faith in His infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, manifested in this mystery will move our hearts to say with all the greater fervor: "Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar."

The Late Miss Brown

MYRTLE CONGER

She is always in time for parties,—
Bridge, dances, and dinners, you know.
She has never been known to miss a train.
She never is late for a show.

She is always in time for shopping;
But would you believe it, alas!
Though always in time for everything else,
She always comes in late to Mass!

A Remarkable Conversion

C. STARBECK

THE noblest types of the Jewish race, once the chosen people of God, but rejected by the Savior,—“who came unto His own, but His own received Him not,”—are Jesus Christ, the long-looked-for Messiah, and Mary His Mother. Besides these there are St. Joseph, St. Ann, and ever so many other saints of the same people.

Disbanded, without a country, despised of men, scattered over the face of the earth, the Jews still wander about poor outcasts. Out of gratitude to Jesus and Mary the charity of our prayers should embrace the members of this once glorious people, which has given us the Redeemer. Unfortunately, because of their rejecting the Savior, the Jews have been blinded spiritually so that, seeing, they see not. It is, therefore, a source of consolation when we hear of the occasional conversion of a Jew to Christianity.

“But as many as received Him, He gave *them* the power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His name.” Marvellous, indeed, is the goodness of the Son of God who harbors no resentment towards those who have rejected Him and who refuses not to receive into His loving embrace those that fly to Him for refuge. Wonderful, too, are the ways in which He manifests His goodness. Of the innumerable evidences of His mercy we might single out the conversion of the brothers Theodore and Alphonse Ratisbonne who were born of a prominent Jewish family in Alsace in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Theodore spent all his energies on discovering the reason of his existence on earth. The death of his mother added to the distress of soul under which he was already laboring a disgust for the fleeting pleasures of life. He could not find in the Synagogue the food for which his heart hungered, so he began to lead the life of a Stoic, bearing solitude, hunger, thirst, and privation of all comfort. Still unsatisfied, he abandoned this kind of life for Freemasonry. Disgusted, but not disheartened, the young Israelite turned to philosophy and science.

Then it was that the light, which he sought so perseveringly, flashed at last from the heavens. The sight of innumerable armies of stars moving above his head made him realize that an intelligent power must have formed them and regulated the harmony of their movements. So great was his disturbance of mind that, calling upon the God of his childhood, he exclaimed: “O mysterious Being, Creator, Lord,

Adonaï, if Thou existest, have pity on Thy creature. Show me the way which leads to truth and I promise to consecrate my life to it.”

His prayer was heard, for soon afterward he was induced to attend some Catholic lectures which finally led to his conversion. This conversion naturally resulted in the temporary separation between himself and his father.

Theodore, feeling himself called to the priesthood, entered the seminary to prepare himself for this exalted state. He celebrated his first Mass on the feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6, 1831. The young priest, understanding the necessity of Christian education, opened private schools, but the life of a schoolmaster only imperfectly satisfied his heart and when he was invited to be the assistant of Abbé Desgenettes, who was in charge of Notre Dame des Victoires, he gladly accepted the offer and went to Paris.

Father Theodore's thirst for souls, and particularly for the redemption of his people, became more and more acute. He longed and prayed for the conversion of his brother Alphonse who was twelve years younger than himself. After twenty years of prayer his request was granted.

Alphonse considered that he was in this world to enjoy it, so pleasure absorbed his life. But a vein of seriousness pervaded his apparently frivolous nature. He was just completing his twenty-seventh year when he became engaged, but as his betrothed was only sixteen years of age, it was deemed advisable to postpone the wedding. This engagement awakened in Alphonse a true religious feeling. Before this, he believed in nothing, but the sight of his fiancée awoke in him the sentiment of human dignity. He began to believe in the immortality of the soul. He began instinctively to pray. He thanked God for his happiness and yet he was not altogether happy.

Then it happened that Alphonse decided to take a pleasure trip. His friends tried to persuade him to visit the Eternal City but he had no desire to go to Rome. He was also advised by his physician not to go thither. In spite of all this Alphonse, pushed by an invisible hand, as it were, found himself in Rome. Here he met Theodore Baron de Bussièrès, a convert to Catholicism. This acquaintance had unforeseen results. At the end of his visit in Rome Alphonse went to bid his new acquaintance farewell. De Bussièrès, moved by a sudden im-

pulse, asked him to wear a miraculous medal and to recite the "Memorare." He was reluctant to do this, but when told that it would give De Bussièrès great pleasure, he acquiesced.

On January 20 Alphonse again accidentally met the Baron who was driving to the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte to make some funeral arrangements. He invited Alphonse to ride with him. Alphonse thinking to pass away the time while his friend was busy, entered the church to inspect it. A few moments later the Baron came for him, and to his amazement found Ratisbonne kneeling on the ground, bathed in tears and evidently under the effect of deep emotion. On recovering his calm of mind, he expressed a desire to be baptized. When asked by one of the Fathers what had occurred, Ratisbonne drew out his medal, kissed it and exclaimed, "I have seen her! I have seen her! I had been in the church only a few minutes when suddenly I felt myself seized with a strange uneasiness. I lifted my eyes. The whole edifice was, as it were, veiled from my sight. All the bright light was concentrated in one chapel. Alone, and in the midst of this brilliancy, standing above the altar, full of majesty and sweetness, appeared the Blessed Virgin Mary, such as she is on this medal. She made a sign with her hand for me to kneel. She seemed to say, "It is well." She did not speak, but I understood everything."

Alphonse was instructed and baptized, taking the name of Marie. On the same day he received his first Holy Communion and was confirmed.

Rome, always cautious, instituted an official inquiry into the alleged prodigy. A rigorous investigation followed and after four months a decree was published, attesting the authenticity of the miracle.

The Child of Mary left Rome and went to Paris. The meeting between the two convert brothers was indeed a happy one. They felt that God had merciful designs in relation to the people of Israel.

The better to qualify themselves for this mission the two brothers parted and Alphonse joined the Jesuit novitiate at Toulouse.

In 1842 Theodore turned his steps toward Rome. He was favored by a private audience with Pope Gregory XVI. He was about to prostrate himself at the feet of his Holiness when the Vicar of Christ pressed him to his breast with fatherly tenderness. The priest opened his heart to the Pontiff and asked for the special mission for the conversion of the Jews. Solemnly rising, the successor of St. Peter placed his two hands on the descendant of Abraham and granted his petition, saying: "Go ye rather to the lost sheep of the House of Israel."

Returning to Paris, Abbé Theodore Ratisbonne set about his work by opening a house where Jewish children might receive a Christian education. To Pope Pius IX Theodore unfolded his views concerning the conversion of the Jews and asked for the creation of a body of religious priests for that purpose. The Pope gave his assent and without delay the Society of Priests of Notre Dame de Sion was established. To this same great cause was soon added the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion.

Theodore was joined in this work by his brother, Alphonse, who was released from the vows which bound him to the Society of Jesus. But Father Theodore Ratisbonne was growing old in his work. His life had been filled with disappointments, yet it was softened by heaven-sent consolations. He died January 10, 1884.

Father Marie continued the work after his brother's death. "Our work will not be accomplished," he said, "until there are Daughters of Sion consecrated to weep and to suffer with Jesus on Mount Calvary for the redemption of Israel." At this time there seemed little chance for such an establishment.

In 1855 Father Marie made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When he came in sight of Jerusalem, his emotion was intense. He could only repeat: "Father, forgive them." His wish to introduce the Daughters of Sion into the Holy City, became still stronger and in less than a year a first detachment of Sisters made their entry into Jerusalem. A double task awaited these pioneers: by prayer and sacrifice they were to offer an expiation for the sins of Israel; by gratuitous education they were to regenerate the children of Palestine.

So great was the zeal for the conversion of Israel, exhibited in these Fathers and Sisters of Sion, that soon communities of them were found on every continent. Their zeal was caught up even by the people of the world and some pious souls conceived the idea of uniting in prayer for the conversion of God's chosen people. They submitted the project to the superiors of the Mother House of Notre Dame de Sion. The movement could not but help meet with the co-operation of the congregation and, as a result, the association was placed under the direction of the Priests of Notre Dame de Sion.

The work soon passed beyond the limits of Paris, and the association, raised to the rank of Archconfraternity by Pope Pius X, has now penetrated every continent. The seat of the Archconfraternity is the Basilica of the "Ecce Homo" at Jerusalem. It is fitting that expiation should be accomplished in the very place

(Continued on page 269)

The Personality of a Church

ADA D. NEILL

IN the memory of one who has seen the Rhein, there will be old picturesque stone castles crumbling and falling, steep banks of short horizontal rows of grapevines standing like soldiers at attention on tiptoe, busy manufacturing villages with many tall smoking chimneys.

But, to carry away something echoing above all this, something different, imprinting as well as gripping and holding for all time, make an excursion into the village, Arenberg, across from Coblenz, Germany. Up where the land is poor and the rocks are many stands the Rheinstone Kirche (church) with its singular and enchanting park. Still more effective, these are monuments to a man who made simplicity great, who sought by his simple and earnest living to bring peace and comfort and happiness to all of his poor. At the same time he established a strength of character and a deep reverence and a keen appreciation of things free from the slightest disposition of mere money getting.

This last is answerable, entirely so, for this church's not having been visited by foreign tourists long ago. And let me state here briefly, this will never change, happen what may: First, the loyalty to the strength and sweetness of this man's life, even after death, holds together the people of the village so religiously and lastingly that, to use his creative idea of spirituality on earth for commercial greed, is nothing less than destroying their very souls. Secondly, the moral thought that he left—this is the thought that curious visitors undignify religion. In other words, the outsider whose primary itch is purely to see with no religious devotions whatever, adds no purity of thought to the church or to himself. Therefore, you mere inquisitive foreigners, please keep away!

To start right you should see the genuinely typical village

life surrounding the Church, the things done by the peasants under such difficulty, and so little for it.

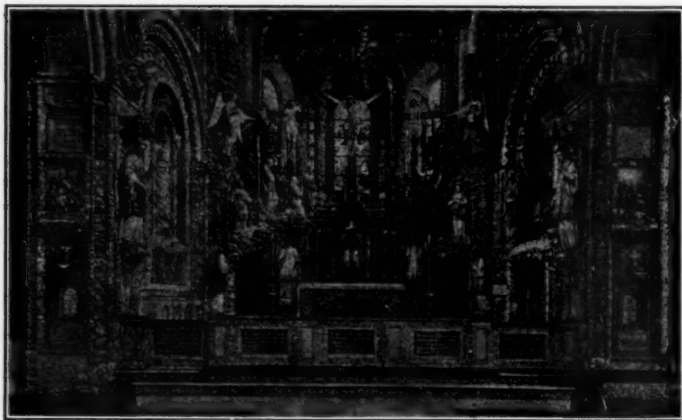
So use your energy, with a stout cane for a prop, and walk from Coblenz through Ehrenbreitstein and on up to Arenberg. Then, no doubt will enter your head that, owing to the characteristic of being raised in a struggle and on stone, everybody and everything in the two villages are well matched, and you with them as much as is possible for the time being.

One of the legends of the Rhein is that Riza, a daughter of Ludwig the Pious, walked over the waters of the Rhein at Coblenz dry-footed. Well, maybe she did. Let her. But now you cross from Coblenz to Ehrenbreitstein on a wide, swinging bridge supported by many iron boats which rise and fall with the tide. Right here you observe the comfortableness and the solidity of a bridge which do honor to the German art of bridge building. At the end of the bridge you pay toll to a one-armed German, who stoically smiles his approval.

At the top of a short hill, the bank of the Rhein, you can take the Strassenbahn (electric street car); but you are out for present-day facts, eyes open and brain alert, so keep yourself on your feet and plod on.

The street car goes through the Main Street of these two villages, dividing them in two. Main Street is narrow, cobbled-stoned, and stumbles wherever it pleases, with the street car obediently tagging along. On the sides of these streets the plainest stone buildings with

green wooden shutters rise two, three or four stories high to red-tile roofs. Here and there, in no recognized distances, are tiny lanes so narrow that they are but gray shadows, and a good yawn could hit both sides of them. They also are cobbled, clean to the last inch, giving a hard, wretched



SANCTUARY OF THE ARENBERG CHURCH

look, which awakens in your mind a thousand various thoughts how the people live here. Surely, here is a mold of character of the German peasantry, determined by the endurance of hardships and lack of simple comforts. For most of the homes in the lanes have but a table, a bench, and a few wooden chairs. The women are quaintly and plainly fashioned: wooden shoes; short full skirts of coarse woolen, with short waists, and head kerchiefs. Children, dozens of them, clean and squabbling in a glory all their own.

With your feet still to the cobbles, a mile or so farther along a country road, up a long hill and you enter Arenberg, so small that it is but breath of a village with one valuable—the Rhein-stone Church.

It is near noon. The steep incline has made lunch an equipment quite necessary for further plodding. Besides, in all probability, your breakfast was merely a Continental one: coffee, dark bread with unsalted butter.

So you hunt with your eyes up both sides of the humble street for the most appetizing-looking restaurant, and there are several with tiny round wooden tables covered with red, and white linen. If you are a seeker of the unusual, you will be attracted by a huge tin red rooster (ROTE HAHN) perched upon a post for a restaurant sign at the end of Main Street. It draws you. The promise is fulfilled; for you get good potato soup, rye bread, and a glass of beer, which slips down an American's throat with a delicious smoothness. When you pay your bill, you feel that a few cents never brought more comfort and refreshment.

While you eat and drink out here in the open, you watch the villagers climbing up and down the hill: Middle-aged, hard-muscled peasant women with enormous baskets balanced upon their heads; bright-eyed, broad-faced children with loaded knapsacks upon their shoulders; big two-wheeled carts full of rocks drawn by a single milk cow; loads of freshly-cut, sweet-scented grass drawn by oxen; huge carts of gooseberries and plums, also of milk cans drawn either by a dog and a woman, or two dogs, with a child pushing behind. Everyone

has something to do and hard at it, too, and done in strange quietness and without fuss.

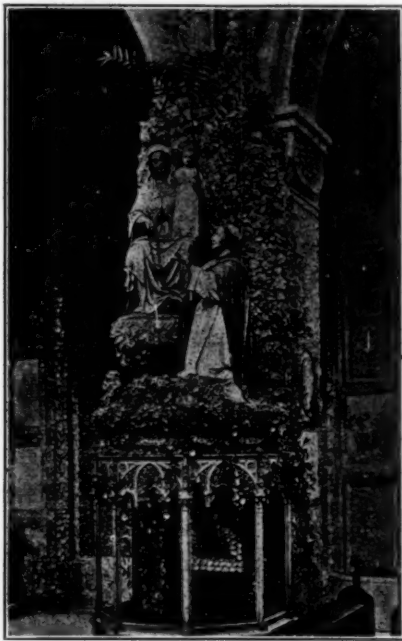
"Sind Sie eine Amerikanerin?" asks the waiter smiling himself into a chair across from you.

Then, because you can speak German you strike straight for the waiter's vein of information and learn the history of the whole village. But at the mention of the builder of the Church there comes a beautiful silence. You are half afraid he resents this curiosity. But, no; proudly, and with bowed head, he directs you to the old woman who sells souvenirs at the top of the hill directly in front of the Church and at the entrance of the park.

As you trudge up this last hill you pass a few more wayside beer gardens embracing the whole sidewalk, and small shops filled with crudely carved wooden toys.

And what a wonderful story of unselfish devotion the old woman tells you, with the enchanting fir-scented park just below you; the beloved Rhein-stone Church just in front of you; the rhythmically tinkling of a bell in a nearby pasture; and the delightfully cool breeze from the Rhein caressing you—the same view, sense, and sound among which this great man lived, planned, worked, and died.

Solemnly, as part of her divine duty, she began her story of Johann Baptist Kraus, the church builder, who as a youth had a choice of another profession. However, his father, a wealthy doctor, desired him to become a priest. Thus, laying aside his reluctances, he became a priest, and asked for the poorest parish in all Germany. In due time he became the pfarrer (pastor) of Arenberg. Many times he was offered higher positions, but he refused them all. He never ate but the plainest food, even when invited out. With cheerful earnestness and faithfulness he guided his people as a river would guide many twisting hard-working brooks. First, he built the Park of Shrines on the forest-covered bank of the Rhein. Then he wished to build a new church. There was no money. He told them he would build a church from off their land. It took forty-seven years. Now, when finished, it mirrors three striking features: the complete life of a strong earnest



ROSARY GROUP IN ARENBERG CHURCH

man, for Johann Babbist Kraus lived to be eighty-nine—one year after the completion of the church; the pride and divine faith of a whole village; the wonderful natural beauty of a land of poverty.

To grasp more deeply these three features you must enter the church for at least a several-hours' visit. For you must see with the eyes of truth the marvel of light and dark in these Rhein stones; and stay until the many different arrangements of the tiny stones on these diamond walls have found their way into your soul.

Then you will wonder what may have caused this church of jewels to be conceived in the mind of one man. Surely, he crystalized his inspirations into its very corners and vistas, for he alone was designer, architect, schemer, inspector, and cashier. No master hands were here. Like the temple builders of Jerusalem, God gave this man the knowledge of the builder, of setting the stones together as bees their cells.

Forty-seven years he hunted daily for materials. The timbers came from the forests of Arenberg; the beams from the ruin of Drachenfels castle; the white, black, and brown stones from a quarry distant three miles; the quartz and rock crystal from the ruin of Bern castle on the Mosel River; the agate and amethyst from the village, Oberstein; the shells, mostly from Hamburg; the alabaster for molding the figures, from the city of Bous; the Rhein stones from the beds of the Rhein and Mosel Rivers. The children in the school were taught stonecutting. Two men alone, under the pfarrer's directions, placed the stones in the church.

Imagine attending services in this church for forty-seven years and weekly watching the unfolding of the various building ideas. Is it any wonder that every villager of every social grade and age hereabouts has a right to the notion that this church is a part of him and he a part of this Church, instead of the outside world?

It is this very personality which makes your visit to the interior of this church of so much interest. Not only to see the tedious and unique inlaying of these stones, but to understand the

pathetic devotion of the pfarrer to his people in fulfilling his promise to build them a church from off their poor land.

The outside of the church is brick. There are two entrances, one on each front corner, which opens into a small hall paneled in white Rhein stones with dark-brown stone trimmings. Either hall brings you directly into the nave which is divided by Roman arches into three sections. These arches are inlaid with gray and brown stones, and at the top of each arch of the center nave is a large oil painting—six on a side—framed flat against the wall with three layers of different colored Rhein stones. Below

the paintings, on each Roman pillar, is a medallion of mother-of-pearl shells laid flat one over the other in oblong shape, surrounded with crystals the size of big marbles. Below these medallions is a small figure of Christ nailed to the cross (six inches deep) of tiny crystals cemented together. These crosses are edged with gold and rest against a large red heart made of stone. Between the oil paintings and the medallions are life-size statues of the different saints in richly-colored garments.

The sides of the walls of the outer naves are alike—square panels of dark-green Rhein stones framed in crystal white. On each side is a small altar having three doors, the panels of which have inscriptions framed in rows of small snail shells and three rows of tiny agates. Against the walls are stone plaques picturing

Christ in the last sad acts of his life.

The front of the church is a separate room where the story of Christ as an infant, and later as a youth, is worked out in stone. Looking into this room over the low stone railing, you have a sensation of being shut out from a place too sacred to enter.

The outside wall of this room is a beautiful stained window below which is an arched fireplace. In front of the fireplace are tiny steps of tiny white crystals leading up to a white marble hearthstone, upon which rests a cradle also entirely of tiny white crystals. In the cradle lies the figure of an infant, and on each side of the cradle kneels a life-size angel in the



THE DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH—SHRINE IN THE PARK

attitude of watching. The garments of the angels are in beautiful soft reds and blues. An artificial, deep-blue light comes from the fireplace, throwing a soft purple glow over the face of the child and showers the embroidered sheets of the cradle. To the left, in this room, stands the figure of a man in reverent attitude, talking to Christ as a youth, whose robe of cream broadcloth is heavily embroidered in gold at the bottom.

You are now alone in the church. The stillness seems tangible to all your senses. You turn and walk down the middle nave and solemnly take a seat directly in front of the altar. You must rest a little. For is not here where the villagers come to pray after a week's hard work? From the lofty shrines the very saints themselves seem to say, "Rest you."

In the meantime you study the altar. From the first it is impressed on you that no other is like this in all the world. It takes no imagination to realize that the altar is as if set for the return of Christ: The roof is a deep-blue with many crystal stars; stained windows cast gay-colored shadows way over the altar rail; banks of coral and boulders of dark-brown stone are standing places for Mary, Martha, Judas, and life-size angels garbed in the soft rich colors of the Bible days; medallions of tiny amethysts and of green agates, framed with tiny snail shells overlapping each other like leaves of a rose, emblazon the walls; huge conch shells hold the tall candles; a large figure of Christ on the cross is suspended from the ceiling. Say what you please, here is combined talent, novelty, faithfulness, religion, and holiness.

A few moments and you must go. There is the Park of Shrines to visit, and it is nearer six than four, and the last Strassenbahn leaves at eight. How you should like to sit here another hour and dream. Such charm! Such peace! Such heavenly solitude! Pfarrer Johann Kraus, though gone, I have met your personality. No matter what your religion may have been, or what mine is, you surely are caring for me—a total stranger. And this sacredness you have left is religion for all of every denomination.

You hardly leave the church before you turn to the right, walk down an incline, and under the sign "Angang der heiligen Orte" (entrance to the holy places) enter the park.

You do best to visit the church first; for in a way the park is a postscript to the church. though there is no doubt but that the Passion Play is here, done with images in shrines in a circuit through the Park.

It is now in the first premature dusk and the intermingling of these shrines with their strik-

ing figures. Under beech, chestnut, maple, and cedar, none of which have ever been cut down, and along paths hedged with barberry and low walls of English ivy and fuchsia, you are transposed for the time being into a path toward holiness, you know not where. And every visiting spiritual devotee could stand for an hour before each Rhein-stone studded shrine, and there are fourteen at intervals on a twisting path covering two miles or more, and feel that he was having an illustrated sacred text right before his eyes.

But under these heavily foliated trees the twilight shadows are now pressing to the ground. Unexpectedly a man appears and motions you out. You are reasonably sure of catching the last electric car to Coblenz, so while you heed the advice in regard to the Park, you do take time to visit the cemetery back of the church. You have been previously told by the old lady that the pfarrer wished to be humbly buried and his tombstone to be no different from others of his parish.

So you have no trouble in finding the simple white cross resting on a black marble base with these words in gold:

Gib ein Almossen des gebetes
dem darum bittenden
Johann Baptist
Kraus,
dessen Gebeine hier ruhen
R. I. P.

Which means: Give an alms of prayer to him who asks it—Johann Baptist Kraus, whose remains rest here. R. I. P.

Tired as you are, if you were not pressed for time, you would ask nothing more in the way of religious contentment than to stand here in solitude under the stars surrounded by the personality of Johann Baptist Kraus, to renew your soul by the divine spirit of the builder of the Rhein-stone church.

Old Ursuline Convent

(Continued from page 259)

was slowly setting, flinging its ruddy glow upon the old stone walls, coloring them with that soft blush which only the southern sun can bestow upon the buildings of the past. Once again the old convent building seemed to smile through the grime of the neglect of years, giving a hint of its former beauty, when La Nouvelle Orleans was very young and its finest and fairest daughters flocked to the Ursuline convent to receive there their training.

The Holy Grail in the 13th Century

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., Weingarten, Wuerttemberg

IT is fairly generally known that the beautiful stories associated with the Holy Grail did not all originate at one time. The subject was such an entrancing one that in the brave days of knight errants the bards and minstrels of various lands singled out and developed further the episodes they liked best or that were best calculated to delight the lords and ladies of castles and manor houses. The events of the day, if of great importance, might also come to be reflected by a deft singer into the Grail legends, and of this, one instance seems clearly to have occurred in the time of King John of England.

This may come as a surprise, but if we recall the crisis then passed through by the Church in England, we shall find undeniable points of similarity. These have been worked out by Dr. Sebastian Evans in his study of the Legend "In quest of the Holy Grail," (London, Dent), and they are so cleverly brought out that the readers of THE GRAIL may be interested if I give a short account of them here.

It was in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that the Grail stories became especially popular. Whom did the poets then consider King Fisherman to be? and Perceval? and Galahad? And what was the cause of the great distress of the land and the languishment of King Fisherman? And, finally, what was the great question to be asked in connection with the Grail? If we can answer *these* questions we shall clearly have something of a key to much of the Grail legend in its later developments.

First, King Fisherman. He is none other than the Pope—who even now issues his Briefs "under the ring of the Fisherman." And why is he in languishment? Because in the thirteenth century Pope Innocent II had great odds to contend with in general, and in particular he had his great conflict with King John, and in the end laid England under an interdict. Then, indeed, there was desolation in the land. Material desolation, for King John made ecclesiastics feel his vengeance, and spiritual desolation, as the terms of the interdict forbade the celebration of Holy Mass, the administration of Viaticum or Extreme Unction to the dying, or the burial of the dead in consecrated ground. Children were only to be baptized in private houses; and no marriage was to be blessed.

This then was "the curse of the land of Lo-

gres." The Holy Grail was indeed gone. The interdict began in England on March 13th, 1208, and lasted for years. How was Mass and Communion to be won for the faithful? King John held out stoutly and stirred up new enemies for the Pope. One mitigation there might have been, for the Cistercians then had a privilege of saying Mass and communicating even in a country under the ban, but they *forgot to claim* the privilege expressly in this case just at the beginning of the interdict, and when they later did ask the question in Rome, they were told it was too late.

That is the general background of events, but now we come to Perceval. He would be none other than St. Dominic! He was indeed the son of Yglais, that is, of *ecclesia*, the church. He had got the share of all the privileges of the Cistercians for the part of France, where he was combating the heretics, but he did *not think of asking* expressly for the privilege of exemption from the Mass prohibition in England for his disciples* and for the *friends* of the Cister-

* Individual Dominicans may well have been in England at the time, but Dr. Evans must not forget that the Dominicans first settled in Oxford in 1223! Still we must allow poetic license to the poets.

Holy Grail Sonnets

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

20. THE HEALING OF THE KING

"Praise we the Lord of Mercy and of Might
Who through thy hands, fair knight, in me hath
wrought

Great things, such health and pristine vigor brought
That now all things about my soul are light.

"Wherein shall I thee fittingly requite?
Behold I name thee heir before my court,
Heir to my realms, who has untiring sought
The angel-Chalice, *which is thine by right.*"

Thus was the quest accomplished, and the land,
When Galahad was crowned, rejoiced most
And all the hillsides danced with corn and vines.

Corn grains all-pure, be they our daily Host,
Our chalices be filled with sacred wines,
And hearts be shielded by the angel-band!

cians generally. What a lessening of the woes of England this would have meant! The Pope himself was as grieved as any by the omission, but the later petitions were simply too late.

Gawain stands, it seems, for a highly genteel French bishop and diplomat, Fulke, of Toulouse, who made a similar blunder over the interdict. Who then is to set matters right, now that Perceval himself had proved a disappointment? As our readers know it is Sir Galahad, —who stands for none other than Saint Francis, the seraphic Saint of Assisi. The very names are the same, for we know that the father of Saint Francis travelled in France as a merchant in his youth and was so delighted with the kind manners of the French people (then called François) that he resolved, if ever he had a son, to call him by that name. This explains the origin of St. Francis' name, for no saint had borne it before him. And now, who does not know that an old name from France was *Gallia*? This is a fitting key for Sir Galahad's name.

He is the ideal priestly knight, who sacrifices himself so wholly in the cause of the Holy Grail that he never returns to Arthur's court but becomes a king of mystic pontiff of the Holy Vessel. The Franciscans, no doubt, exalted him ever more in their versions of the legend, while the Dominicans and their sympathizers still regarded Sir Perceval as "the best knight of the world." This explains how the two heroes are in many ways so similar, and why their good qualities are confused.

It is to be noted too that the great interdict was relaxed in 1214, and that in the following year a General Council was held at the Lateran. Here Sir Galahad was the hero, we may say; for the Council formally established the Order of *Saint Francis*, while the Dominicans (who had begun work before) were only formally established by the following Pope. Again it was at this Council that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was defined; for the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist was then a subject of absorbing interest, and Pope Innocent, rather than pronouncing himself on the subject, deferred it to this council. So we see how closely Galahad was connected with the Holy Grail in history itself!

In those Catholic days people enjoyed talking about the Holy Eucharist. How often do we talk about it? And do we walk as worthy of this great gift as did Perceval and Galahad? It matters little which of the two we take as our leader. Let us read up the lives of Saint Francis and of Saint Dominic and settle for ourselves which we consider the greater, and then follow on under his banner.

A Remarkable Conversion

(Continued from page 263)

of reprobation and that, where the anathema was pronounced, the altar of reconciliation should be raised.

The seat of the archconfraternity in the United States is the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion, located in Kansas City, Missouri. The only requirement for membership to this society is the enrollment of the members and the daily repetition of the little prayer, "God of all goodness," which can be obtained from the Sisters of Sion. This archconfraternity gives to its members frequent opportunities for both plenary and partial indulgences; it received the blessing of Pope Benedict XV, who was a member of it.

Mary Rose, Graduate

(Continued from page 256)

"I'm trying to get better and better," said LuJane. "I want to be like you and Bride. Mary Rose, do you know, as old as I am, I've never been baptized either—no more than that little baby had been?"

"Oh, LuJane!" cried her friend, aghast at this new knowledge.

"It's true," said LuJane. "And I never even gave it a thought before this morning. But I've been thinking of it hard ever since, and I'm going to be. I'm going to write to my father to-night and tell him I want to be a Catholic. He won't care, I know. He doesn't care for anything much except his work—and he's always let me do as I pleased. For once in my life I want to do something that amounts to something. Are you crying Mary Rose?"

"Of course I am," quavered Mary Rose, stopping the car while she fumbled for a kerchief. "I always cry when I'm real happy and excited—and I don't know when I've ever had so much to happen to me in one short day. LuJane, I'm so glad—so very glad—"

"You ought to be," said LuJane, "you're the one that did it—you, with your divine fire. And you're going to be my godmother, Mary Rose."

(To be continued)

Friends always visit each other. For friends must talk and tell the secrets of their hearts, bringing added sunshine and joy to cheer the faint of heart, when life's burden presses too hard.—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

A single Communion is sufficient to make a man loathe the world and give him a foretaste of heaven.—Ven. Cure d'Ars.

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—Will 'mosquito cars' rule the speedway? It is interesting to note certain results of the Indianapolis annual races. In 1911 a halt was called to the growing size of engines. Since then the piston displacement in cubic inches has decreased from 600 to below 100, whilst the speed of the car has risen from 75 miles an hour to over a hundred miles an hour.

—Can two teaspoonfuls of water produce electric current valued now at \$20,000? Scientists are steadily working to master subatomic energy. Subatomic energy has so far been observed in the transmutation of elements, as for example, in the family of radio active substances where radium gives off helium gas, and appears to end, after several emanations, in common lead. Some scientists claim to change mercury into gold. Others have produced mercury from lead. Nearly ten per cent of the elements have been "transmuted," if all claims be true. In these experiments the amount of new material produced is so small, and the expense and trouble so great, that little of direct commercial application is had. Gold obtained this way would cost nearly \$2,000,000 a pound. However, the power developed in proportion to the weight of the elements transmuted points to a wonderful possibility for the future. Thus a gram of radium would produce three hundred thousand times the heat produced by the same amount of coal.

—Talking movies will soon astound the auditors. An invention of the Bell Telephone Laboratories combines special phonographic records with the moving film. The same motor drives both film and phonograph.

—Is there any place in the world where it never rains? As far as man knows at present, the driest places in the world have occasional rains. Even the Mohave Desert in California and the Sahara Desert are not entirely rainless.

—Aerated concrete is reported as a new building material from Denmark. A thin concrete mass is stirred to a foamy consistency. After the mass hardens, it is like pumice, full of small air bubbles. It should be a good insulator.

—In less than five years the number of oil burners for furnaces in private homes has increased from 5,000 to more than 200,000.

—A magic eye that sees across the ocean is the name applied to the photo-electric cell. Photographs, checks, etc., can be transmitted in about twenty minutes from one side of the Atlantic to the other by wireless. The finished picture is rather a series of lights and shadows transmitted successively through the photo-electric cell.

—Giant twin vehicular highways under the Hudson River between New York and New Jersey are rapidly nearing completion. When finished they will accommo-

date 46,000 automobiles a day. The estimated cost is \$46,000,000.

—Roads and tires—what is the relation between them as to wear and tear on the latter? Concrete or brick roads cause the least loss to tires. The wear caused by gravel roads is from two to seven times as great, while that due to macadam is from ten to fifty times.

—A new oil from grape seeds promises to be a great rival of castor oil.

—Shutting off the air from a fire will extinguish it. A new form of fire extinguisher uses carbonic gas and a powder instead of a fluid. The powder and gas are forced over the flames, thus cutting off the air. The extinguisher can be used for all types of fire.

—Infra-red rays in ordinary light are invisible to the eye. They affect the photographic plate but poorly. A new dye for photographing the infra-red rays has been applied to photographic plates. Great aid is thus promised to the astronomer in photographing the spectrum of the stars.

—The motor boat is displacing the gondola in Venice.

—Chromium, one of the hardest metals known, can now be applied commercially in plating. A thin layer, only one five-thousandth of an inch thick doubles the life of the plates used by the U. S. Government in printing the dollar bills.

—Don't waste your money on devices to eliminate static in radio reception. If the device reduces static at all, it also reduces the signal strength in the same proportion.

—A machine that plants cabbage seedlings has been invented by Abbé Bacle, a parish priest near Nantes, France. It consists of a moving arm that places the seedling in a hole, and of another arm that covers the plant. Planting the new way is said to take only one-tenth of the usual time.

—An editorial in *Popular Science*, discussing the "Story of Chemistry," speaks of certain substances in the body of man as follows: "The average man is made up of enough fat for seven bars of soap, enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop, enough sugar to fill a shaker, enough iron to make a small nail, enough sulphur to rid a dog of fleas, enough magnesium for a small dose, enough potassium to fire a toy cannon, enough phosphorus for a box of matches, and a couple of buckets of water."

—A new chemical element, named Ilium, after the State of Illinois, has been discovered. It is one of a group of rare earths, and may exist in small quantities in gas mantles. Its discovery leaves but two elements to be identified. At present no use for the element is known.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Many a person has an appetite like a bird's—con-

sidering that some birds eat several times their own weight each day.

—What's in a name? The following appear to be misnomers,—a "safe" and a "still."

—Some scientists try to make fog to order. Certain politicians have succeeded.

—The warm south wind,—and yet the north pole has nothing but south winds.

—If religion and science quarrel, it is because we have too little of each.

—To distinguish weeds from flowers,—send chickens into the garden.

—If the movies no longer show liquor episodes, will painters avoid studies in still life?

—Perhaps a fish goes home and lies about the size of bait he stole.

—Scientific management of life insurance calls it assurance. This applies especially to the solicitor.

—The lambs that would follow certain Marys at present would have to be somnambulists.

—A good help to keep gas bills down is a paper weight.

—The small sister referred to the new baby brother as 'this year's model.'

—Turning furrows is the best way to turn profits on farm lands.

—With some, radio is a fad, with others, a frenzy.

—The more dangerous an operation, the more it costs.

—An exchange reports the following: The young husband, receiving the radio program, endeavored to copy a cooking recipe for his wife. One station was broadcasting the recipe, whilst another station gave out physical exercises. This is what he took down: "Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl."

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—A group of statuary representing Father Marquette, the first missionary to visit the present site of Chicago, Louis Joliet, a fellow explorer, and an Algonquin Indian, has been unveiled at Chicago on the banks of the Chicago River.

—Out of fourteen children in a French family four became priests and one entered religion. From the offspring of the nine remaining children there are six priests and seven religious—with potential vocations to be developed later on.

—From the parish of St. Martin De Roubaix in Paris eight men have been ordained to the priesthood this year. At a special celebration in thanksgiving these eight priests said Mass simultaneously at eight different altars on a recent Sunday.

—In a celebration that lasted all day the city of Bruges in Belgium was consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Forty thousand Catholic men attended the cere-

mony that took place in the market place. Fifty brass bands played in the processions.

—"Flying Eagle" is the name conferred by the Indians upon His Eminence Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber at his recent visit among them at Brockton, Montana. A "pipe of peace" in red stone and a pair of beaded moccasins were presented to His Eminence.

—At St. Mary-of-the-Woods 1200 Sisters of Providence attended a ten-day retreat in August. Six hundred of these sisters, who teach in Chicago, were taken by special train to their destination.

—At St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Indiana, forty-one young women were clothed in the habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; forty novices made the triennial profession, while forty pronounced their perpetual vows.

—If numbers count for aught, the laymen's retreat at the University of Notre Dame was an unqualified success. 1244 men were in attendance.

—The enrollment in all our schools is unprecedented this year. In the early part of August, more than a month before the opening of the fall term, Notre Dame University had registered 2600 applicants. No further applicants could be accepted. Another school, the Quigley Preparatory Seminary in the city of Chicago, has an enrollment of 301 in the first year of its high school course. The total enrollment is 950. St. Francis Theological Seminary, near Milwaukee, had to turn away 74 young men who sought admission.

—At the golden wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Tschour, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, the priest who celebrated the nuptial Mass fifty years ago also celebrated the jubilee Mass.

—De Paul University, Chicago, had an enrollment of 1119 in its summer course. Of these some 700 were sisters who represented thirty religious orders and congregations.

—This year the College of Law at the University of Dayton, which is conducted by the Society of Mary, graduated its first class. Each of the nineteen graduates successfully passed the Ohio State Bar examination.

—The Dominicans have just celebrated the 700th anniversary of their coming to Waterford City, Ireland.

—Some 15,000 Foresters attended the solemn dedication of the Foresters' bridge at Mundelein, Illinois, on August 22. Rt. Rev. E. F. Hoban, celebrated Pontifical Mass at 11:00 a. m. in the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. The Mass was followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

—Mrs. Mary Blake, who was born in 1825, in Co. Cork, Ireland, died at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in August. Her brother, Michael Fitzgerald, who is one year younger, and the last of eleven children, is still living at Oshkosh.

—The Fathers of the Catholic Missionary Society in England are using a motor chapel with a folding tent to give non-Catholics an opportunity to learn something about the Church. These Fathers have already established fifteen missions in England.

—A new ecclesiastical province has been created in Texas with San Antonio as the archiepiscopal see. The Bishop of San Antonio, Rt. Rev. Arthur Drossaerts, becomes metropolitan. A new diocese in this newly created province is that of Amarillo.

—By special dispensation Rev. J. Mostyn, Ph. D., 21 years of age, was ordained to the priesthood by his cousin, Archbishop Bostyn, of Cardiff, Wales. — Rev. A. M. Dale, a convert clergyman of 75 years, was ordained recently in England.

—The diocesan seminary of Zacatecas, Mexico, with its 120 students, will be transferred to San Antonio, Texas.

—Baltimore has a Baptist church for colored people that is called Sacred Heart Baptist Church.

—The Society of Missionary Catechists, which was established several years ago for the purpose of instructing the poor and neglected Mexicans within our borders and preserving them to the Church, has taken root and is growing apace. There are now a number of Catechists in the field and others are preparing for the great work that lies before them. Among those who have left home and comfort and are ready to brave the hardships of the mission are five converts. It is but natural that converts, who have generously sacrificed many interests in behalf of their new-found faith, readily ally themselves with a movement for the extension of that faith. Comparatively small though the number of those who are actually in the field, great good is being accomplished among the scattered Catholics in the Southwest. While we do not doubt their sincerity and good intention, the sects are spending much money in their endeavor to win over these poor people to their own erroneous ways. It is high time that we look after these little ones of the flock before they have been lost to us. The Society of the Missionary Catechists has its headquarters at Huntington, Indiana.

Benedictine

—The Benedictines Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, who have a flourishing community at Clyde, Missouri, have been invited by His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein to establish on the grounds of the archdiocesan Seminary of St. Mary of the Lake, at Mundelein, a house of perpetual adoration in which to carry on night and day their cherished work. Plans for the necessary buildings are under consideration.

—At Amai in Belgium a Benedictine community, consisting of ten or eleven priests, and seven or eight novices, has been established for the purpose of working for Catholic unity between the East and the West. For the present the community is under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Mont César at Louvain, Dom Robert de Kerchove, O. S. B.

—Exhibiting before 900 plant scientists, assembled in convention at Ithaca, New York, a set of fifty-eight botanical charts for the classroom, Rev. Hilary S. Jurica, O. S. B., of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, received great praise from his fellow scientists. He was invited to exhibit some of his charts at Philadelphia

this coming winter, and also to address the meeting of the Indiana Academy of Sciences at Muncie.

—The Benedictine College at Belmont, North Carolina, now offers a two-year pre-legal course; next year a pre-medical course is to be inaugurated also. Ultimately the institution will become a university.

—Very Rev. Dom Wilfred Corney, O. S. B., Titular Prior of Canterbury, a prominent member of St. Gregory's Abbey, Downside, died on August 4 at Downside. In the fifty-six years of his religious life Dom Wilfred held numerous important posts both in the abbey and at Rome. An expert on plain chant, he was a member of the commission established by Pius X for the restoration of the chant. Dom Wilfred was of old English stock. Many of his relatives were members of religious communities. At one time as many as eleven of them were Benedictines.

—At Mt. St. Benedict's Convent, Crookston, Minnesota, thirty novices pronounced their vows, and fourteen postulants were clad in the garb of St. Benedict.

—The College of St. Benedict, in Minnesota, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict, was recognized as a standard four-year college at the recent annual educational convention, which was held at Louisville early in the summer.

—Since the Abbey of Caldey has been placed temporarily under the administration of Rt. Rev. Erkenwald Egan, Abbot of Ramsgate, seventeen novices have been received into the community.

—The Benedictine Sisters have established a mother house at Manchester, New Hampshire, with Mother Aloysia Beecher, O. S. B., of Chicago, as the first prioress. This is the only mother house of Benedictine Sisters in the New England States.

—On September 8th the chapter members of St. Peter's Abbey, Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada, assembled to elect a new abbot in place of Rt. Rev. Michael Ott, O. S. B., who had resigned. The choice fell upon Rev. Severin Gertken, O. S. B., professor of chemistry at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota. After the election has been confirmed by the Holy See the solemn blessing and installation will take place at St. Peter's Abbey.

—Rt. Rev. Vincent Wehrle, O. S. B., Bishop of Bismarck, North Dakota, celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious profession on September 3rd. Bishop Wehrle consecrated himself to God by the vows of religion in the Abbey of Maria Einsiedeln, Switzerland, fifty years ago. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood on April 23, 1882, Bishop Wehrle came to America. Except for a brief interval in Arkansas and Indiana the jubilarian has spent the laborious years of his priesthood in North Dakota. Episcopal consecration was conferred upon him together with four other candidates by the late Archbishop Ireland at St. Paul, Minnesota, on April 19, 1910.

Self-sacrifice is the very essence of holiness. Now devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has a special power to communicate this divine spirit.—Faber.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The name of the painting on the October page of *THE GRAIL* Calendar is "The Virgin and Saint." It is a painting by the world-renowned artist Murillo.

There is a legend recorded of how the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to St. Dominic, presenting him with a rosary and asking him to spread this devotion in her honor. Will some reader of *THE CORNER* please look up this story and write an account of it for us?

In this picture, surrounding the Blessed Virgin and Child, are a number of cherubs, perhaps twenty. In the foreground of the picture is St. Dominic in a kneeling posture with eyes upraised, with one hand upon his breast and with the other extended to receive the rosary of fifteen decades which the Blessed Virgin Mary is handing to him.

The calendar for 1927 is now ready and it is to be greatly desired that each reader of *THE CORNER* get one. The cost is small.

The saints of the month of October to be especially honored are St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus who is popularly called "The Little Flower," Sts. Remigius, Francis Assisi, Placidus, Bruno, Reparata, Denis, Francis Borgia, Kenny, Wilfrid, Edward, Callistus, the great St. Theresa of Avila in Spain, Gerard, Margaret Mary, who received the revelations of the Sacred Heart, Luke, Peter Alcantara, John Cantius, Ursula, Mary Salome, Severin, Lucilla, Gaudentius, Evaristus, Florentius, Simon and Jude, Narcissus, Alphonsus Rodriguez.

Bible verses for October. Memorize one each week.

Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness.

Our God is our refuge and strength: a helper in troubles, which have found us exceedingly. (When we are in trouble, let us seek help in prayer.)

Offer to God the sacrifice of praise; and pay thy vows to the Most High. (Perform all your duties well and you will be perfect.)

Wash me yet more from my iniquity and save me from my sins. (We should ask God for true sorrow

for our sins and a firm will never to offend Him grievously.)

Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels.

A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit: a contrite and humbled heart Thou wilt not despise.

Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee. If riches abound, set not your heart upon them.

Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered: and let them that hate Him flee from before His face. (A prayer in time of temptation.)

The Lord shall give the word to them that preach good tidings with great power.

Let the poor seek God and rejoice. Seek ye God, and your soul shall live.

Thou enlightenest wonderfully from the everlasting hills. All the foolish of heart were troubled.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord; they shall praise Thee forever and ever.

Before the mountains were made, or before the earth



Here is a group of Indian pupils at the mission school at Fort Totten, N. D., with one of their teachers, the Grey Nuns, who will soon be compelled to give up their life work at the school, unless our "Grail Missionaries" and their friends come to the rescue. How happy we should feel if *THE GRAIL*, with the help of its numerous readers, could gather the means to erect a school in honor of the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Mother so as to help save the souls of these little ones. Many small gifts (with a few large ones thrown in) will do it. What child or what school will organize the first unit or band of "Grail Missionaries" to help start a fund so as to keep the religious teachers for these Indian children? A band of ten boys or girls at ten cents for one year would make one dollar. How many dollars may we hope for by Christmas?

and the world were formed; from eternity to eternity
Thou art God.

His truth shall compass thee with a shield: thou
shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night.

The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth.

Blessed is the man whom Thou shalt instruct, O
Lord: and shall teach him out of Thy law.

The man that in private detracted his neighbor, him
did I prosecute.

He hath had regard to the prayer of the humble and
he hath not despised their petition.

Thou art always the self-same, and Thy years shall
not fail.

Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them re-
joice that seek the Lord.

He hath satisfied the empty soul, and hath filled the
hungry soul with good things.

October skies are blue and fair,
October days are rich and rare,
With signs of autumn everywhere.

Golden leaves are turning brown,
Tumbling over, dropping down,
Weaving carpets all around.

Flowers are nodding off to sleep,
Baby birds no longer cheep;
Winds will soon begin to sweep.

October skies are blue and fair,
October days are rich and rare,
With signs of autumn everywhere.

A. V. H.

The Garden Quarrel

It all started when the potatoes made goo goo eyes
at the English peas, and were trying to string a bean.
The bean said, "you cantaloupe with me, I *arti choke*
you," and the peas said, "In onion these is strength let-
tuce us complain to the corn, he has blades and can
fight for us." When the corn heard this he began to
shoot, the beans, the collards and mustard began to
leave, and the cabbage headed the other way. "Take a
tip from me," said the asparagus, when he saw the kitch-
en maid coming. The maid did not carrot all, who was
right and said: "If something does not turnip, I will
squash the row myself." So she snapped the beans,
shelled the peas, pulled the corn's ears, cut off the
cabbage's head and gouged the potatoes' eyes out, but
instead of improving matters she made things worse,
for at dinner time the whole was one big stew.—Ex-
change.

Jungled Junk

You often see a door ajar, but not a jar a door;
You often call men merciless, but never mercimore;
You often hear a thought expressed, but never sent by
freight;
You often file a bill away, but not decrease its weight;
You often see a corset box, but never see it fight;
You often see a coal bin "full," but never see it "tight";
You often see a rubber stamp, but never see its feet;
You often see a crooked stick, but never see it cheat;
You often see a treeless trunk, but not a trunkless tree;
Although these facts may bother you, they do not worry
me.

—New York Evening World.

I cannot find a truer word
Nor fonder to caress you;
No song or poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you!"

—Julia A. Baker.

Trials of Childhood

The thing I wish more than most anything—
More than a Shetland pony or a talking doll—
I wish that I'd been born so I knew everything,
And didn't have to study out of books at all.

Suppose I knew and didn't have to learn
The Revolution and the reasons for the fight:
That dates were just as easy to me as my name—
I could speak up and answer all my teacher's questions
right.

I wouldn't have to strain my eyes and tire my mind,
I wouldn't have to work when I had rather play—
I'd run and jump and climb and roll my hoop
And have a glorious time the whole long day.

My teacher says that little girls must learn
Or they'll be made ashamed when they are grown,
But I can't see the reason why we can't
Be born with all this history stuff already known.
—Exchange.

Method

You might as well try to run a railroad train across
the country without any tracks, or to build a sky-
scraper without any plans, as to run a business without
method. And what applies to a business as a whole
applies likewise to the part played by each individual
in the business organization.

As William Penn said: "Method goes far to prevent
trouble in business; for it makes the task easy, hinders
confusion, saves abundance of time, and instructs those
who have business depending, what to do and what to
hope for."

The man who works with a method uses foresight.
The man who works without a method depends upon
hindsight. The one calls to his aid experience and com-
mon sense; the other trusts to luck. It is not hard to
pick the one who will be the winner.—O'K Service.

THE ORIGINAL "SERENADE"

Shubert had a horse named Sarah,
Rode her in the big parade,
When the brass band started playing,
Shubert's Sarah neighed.

The Boy We Like

The boy who never makes fun of old age.
The boy who does not cheat at work or play.
The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no mat-
ter what anybody calls him.
The boy who is never cruel to animals.
The boy who never lies. Even white lies have black
spots on the character.
The boy who never makes fun of a companion for
something he could not help.
The boy who says "No" when asked to do a wrong
thing.
The boy who is always courteous to women and girls.
The boy who would "rather be right than be presi-
dent."

A sailor has no EZ time,
When on the DP sails.
It's RD finds, aloft to climb,
Exposed to IC gales;
And then in KC makes a slip,
Or if he DZ grows,
A tumble off the RD ship,
And into the CE goes. —Exchange.

A Good Alphabet

Attention at both work and play,
 Busy all the livelong day;
 Courteous at home and school,
 Diligent to keep the rule;
 Earnest in whate'er you do;
 Friendly with your classmates too.
 Generous of hand and heart,
 Honest in life's every part;
 Innocent of all that's mean,
 Jolly as a king or queen;
 Kind, where'er your footsteps roam,
 Merry in the sun and rain,
 Neat in dress, but never vain;
 Orderly in desk and books,
 Patient in your thought and looks;
 Quiet when 'tis time to be,
 Ready others' needs to see;
 Steady in your every aim,
 Truthful, though it brings you shame;
 Utilizing in the fight
 Vim and courage for the right;
 Willing others to befriend,
 'Xemplary to the end;
 Youthful till life's set of sun
 Zealous till success is won.

—Exchange.

The "Fidelity" Button

The wish has been expressed in a number of letters written to the CORNER that buttons be offered to stimulate the interest of readers and thus cause them to write letters to the CORNER. This suggestion has been acted upon and we hope that it may prove effective. To such as comply with the rules laid down for button-winning letters a "Fidelity" button will be given. If this button proves popular, a series of other buttons will be offered later on. In order to give all an equal chance to be among the first winners of the "Fidelity" button, we shall not award buttons for any letters dated before November 1st.

Now let us hear from the readers of the CORNER. Write interesting, sensible letters. You all have many things at home to write about that will be read by all with pleasure. Even the grown-ups enjoy these letters. But in order that you may be the winner of a button be sure to observe the few rules that follow for your direction:

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter) on one side only of paper.

Leave a margin of one inch at left edge of paper, and one-half inch at right edge.

Sign name and grade at right of paper, and age at left.

Letter must contain at least 300 words, and more if writer wishes.

Correct English must be used.

There must be no misspelled words.

Letter Box

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be sent to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I must confess that it is nearly two years since I have written to the Corner, but I guess you will forgive me.

When I was admitted I attended St. Rita's School. Since then I have graduated and I now attend Aquinas Academy, which is also conducted by the Order of St. Dominic.

I agree with Josephine Hafner's plan about the pins and badges for the Corner and I sincerely hope this method goes into effect.

I remain, as ever, Rita Coffey, 345 E. 151 St., Bx., N. Y. C.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have always been interested in the "Corner," but, although Mother has taken it (The Grail) for five years, I have never mustered up courage enough to write and seek membership.

I am fourteen years old and am in the second year of high school. I attend St. Catherine of Alexandria's High School, which is an annex to St. James'. I thoroughly enjoy all my lessons but I like Latin and Religion best.

I have three sisters and two brothers. My three sisters and my younger brother attend St. Agatha's School which is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. However, my elder brother attends Maxwell Training School for teachers where he is in the second term.

St. Catherine's Grammar and High Schools are in charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

We have several parks around our neighborhood which may be reached within a half an hour. A few of them are Sunset, McKinley, Fort Hamilton, and Prospect Parks. Prospect Park is by far the largest. It contains a zoo, a large lake, picnic grounds, a great number of tennis courts, big botanical gardens, and a number of amusements, altogether these parks are all near, I like best to go to Fort Hamilton Park. Here a large fort and a number of soldiers are stationed. A huge cannon around which many large cannon balls are placed commands the bay. The reserve policemen and also two large sheds wherein aeroplanes are constructed are within the Government property. Along the sea wall small fishes may be caught and sometimes people swim beyond the rocks. One Sunday as we were watching the people swim, an aeroplane fell into the bay near the fort. The gasoline tank burst and the oil went all over the water. We watched the men drag the wreck onto the land. This was a very interesting sight as no one was killed. Scattered about the park are numerous flowers in odd and pretty designs. We have, in truth, a very enjoyable time when we visit this park.

The famous beach, "Coney Island," is but twenty minutes from our subway station. Here one may see thousands of people stretched out on the sand, in the water, and on the board walk. All along the board walk stores of every description may be found. On Surf Avenue all sorts of amusements and fakes may be seen and "taken in." To one not used to Coney Island it seems to be a whirlwind of bewildering movements.

Well, I'll have to close now, (I can hear your sigh of relief), and I hope, though it may be a vain one, to be admitted to the "Corner" and to have this letter printed.

Yours sincerely, Lillian M. Sullivan, 524 48th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although I have read with interest the letters of the Cornerites for the past four years, the thought of writing did not occur to me until the present.

It was certainly a treat, on my return from a very interesting vacation, to find two numbers of the "Grail" which had come during my absence. I did enjoy perusing the "Corner" and reading the splendid stories in the "Grail."

Now, as to introducing myself, I am fifteen years old, a Junior at Saint Brigid's High School, and have one mischievous brother who makes it lively for the whole family. School closed on June eighth for a two

and a half months' vacation. Two weeks later, we started on a trip. A motor trip of four days brought us to Seattle, Washington. Then we boarded the steamer for Alaska.

We were aboard four days, stopping at the ports of Ketchikan, Juneau, Wrangell, and Skagway. From Skagway we took a train over the White Pass Route where so many men lost their lives during the gold rush of 1898.

We stopped at beautiful Lake Athin. The Lake, studded with green, forested islands, and surrounded by tall, snow-capped peaks, is ninety miles long and seven miles wide. It certainly is the "Gem of the Northwest."

While in Alaska we saw many large dogs. The malamutes are very much like wolves but they have lost their wild ways to a great extent. Then, too, the coming of white men with their dogs mixed the breeds so that, at present, there are but few full-blooded malamutes to be seen.

The Indians are also very interesting. We expected to see them in fur hoods and suits but they seemed quite comfortable in their gay gingham dresses. For, you see, it really isn't cold in summer. And the sun only sets for half an hour during late June, so that the weather is quite pleasant.

Well, Aunt Agnes, this may suffice for a first attempt. I would love to write and tell you about a wonderful trip into old Mexico which we took last year, and I will someday.

Hoping to hear from some of the cornerites with whom I would love to correspond, I am, your new niece, Catherine Musante, 1821 Jones St., San Francisco, Calif.

By all means let us hear about the trip into Mexico where our unfortunate fellow Catholics are suffering persecution for their faith.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the "Grail" for about three years, but never thought of writing to the "Corner" or any of the cornerites until lately.

I am thirteen years old and in the ninth grade. I go to a public school, because there is no Catholic school near us.

I have lived in Los Angeles most of my life, and sure do love it. Sometime I will write a letter about our city.

I think Josephine Hafner's idea is a very good one. I would prefer pins, and be very proud to wear one.

Aunt Agnes, why can't we have a league and have the cornerites contribute short stories and poems? If you have ever read the St. Nicholas League, you know what I mean. As Josephine Hafner said, it would help turn the "Corner" into sort of a club, and the cornerites would write oftener to the "Corner."

This is rather long for my first letter, so I had better close.

Please admit me to the "Corner."

I would like some of the cornerites to write to me. I promise I will answer all the letters I receive.

Hoping this letter will not be company for the waste-basket, I remain, a would-be-cornerite, Loretta Evans, 5852 Hooper Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Hering:

This is the first letter I have written to the "Corner." My home is in Boston, but I am spending the summer in Newark, N. J.

Today I was reading the Grail and when looking through it my eye caught the words, "Letter Box." So I thought I would write and try to make a "pen friend."

I am sixteen years old and I would be delighted to have any boy or girl of the same age write to me soon. I am afraid I have written too much for the first time. Don't forget to write.

Doris Wheaton, 10 Rutland Sq., Boston, Mass.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

We have just received our first copy of the Grail this morning and as I find it so very interesting, especially the "Children's Corner," am writing to you this afternoon to be admitted as a Cornerite.

I was just twelve years old last Saturday and I had a very happy birthday, I will be in the seventh grade when I return to school.

My mother is also very interested in the Grail and is enjoying the stories very much.

I also will be very glad to write to one of our Australian friends as I think it would be very interesting to correspond with them.

Wishing all success to the Grail, I am very truly, Claire McNichol, 2823 N. 25th., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first letter that I have written to the Corner although I have been reading it for over a year. I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school.

I wrote to some of the "Cornerites" and received all but 3 replies, so if any of the girls see this letter, I hope they will write to me. I would like to receive letters from other Cornerites, both boys and girls, and I promise I will answer all that write.

I believe I have said enough for a newcomer so I'll close with oceans of love to all of the Cornerites and to you, too, Aunt Agnes.

Marie Durning, 43 Marne St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Miss Hering,

My sister subscribed to the Grail quite some time ago, but I just happened to read the August issue, and I liked the magazine very much.

I may be too old to join the corner, as I am twenty-four years of age, but I would like to join very much.

I would like to hear from a number of cornerites and I will answer their letters gladly.

Thomas Moran, 2 Belmont Court, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Miss Hering,

I am sending this letter, which I wish you would publish in the "Letter Box" of "The Grail." I hope it misses the waste-basket.

I am thirteen years old and in the first year of High School.

My aunt has been receiving the Grail for a couple of years, but I never read the Letter Box till this month. I would like the Cornerites near my age to correspond with me. Every letter will be welcomed and answered. Hope I am admitted to Corner.

Alice Burke, 2820 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I haven't written for a long time because we haven't received the "Grail" for several months. Mother has just subscribed again. I am sure glad.

It certainly is nice to see our corner progressing so. It's getting day by day more and more interesting.

Yesterday we went through the movie section of Los Angeles. The place is called Hollywood. It is certainly a beautiful place with all its theaters, studios, and homes.

Vacation is nearly over. I hope all our cousins have had a good vacation.

I haven't much more to say so I'll close with some riddles.

1. What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a chief?
2. If Dick's father be John's son. What relation is Dick to John?
3. How many fathers has a man?
4. What table has no legs?
5. What is the country seat?
6. Who was the fastest runner in the world?
7. Why is a dog like a tree?
8. In what month do women talk least?
9. What was born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, and yet never got five weeks old?

ANSWERS

1. O! I! C! U! (Oh I see you)
2. Grandson.
3. Nine. His father, his godfather, his father-in-law and his fore (four) fathers.
4. Multiplication table.
5. A milk stool.
6. Adam. He was first in the human race.
7. Both have a bark.
8. February, only 28 days.
9. The moon.

I'll have to finish with a joke. Once a negro was janitor in a movie studio. The director had a part in the movie offered to the negro and of course he was glad because he'd get better wages.

"Now," said the director, "the first thing you'll have to do is to get in bed with this lion."

"Ah! no sah. I neber do that."

"Why not? He's tame. I raised him on milk."

"I tell you," said the negro, "You can't fool me. No sah! I was raised on milk too, but now I's eat meat."

From your niece, Mary Gonsalves, Rt. 1, Box 337, Rivera, Calif.

Exchange Smiles

The new school year had just begun. The teacher was trying to discover how far the little ones were advanced in arithmetic. "Now, Ellen," she asked, "if there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would there be left?"

"Only one," was the quick reply, "the dead one."

The teacher asked little Ruth what her father's name was.

"Daddy," she answered.

"Yes, dear," said the teacher, "but what does your mother call him?"

"She don't call him nuthin'," Ruth answered earnestly. "She likes him."

Neighbor—"Don't you find that the new baby brightens up the household wonderfully?"

Mother—"He certainly does. We have the lights on most of the night now."

A teacher gave her classes a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were these: "King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellow," "McBath," "Omelet."

Eye Strain

Indiana State Medical Association

OUR eyes are just about the same as those of Adam and Eve, but today there are so many more things to see than in the Garden of

Eden and so little time to see them all that the result has been eye strain.

With the never-ending smoke of our cities, the ever increasing amount of office work, the greater number of flying automobiles to dodge, the thousand-eyed Argus of antiquity would have been better fitted to meet the situation than the modern American.

Due to the influence of medical science, however, many children are kept from being born blind because of the state law making it a necessity that nitrate of silver drops be placed in the eyes of every child at birth. Our school rooms and buildings are planned so that the vision of our boys and girls is conserved. Our state health officials and the medical profession are ever vigilant in their watch for trachoma and all the other diseases that injure the eyes or cause blindness.

Yet, as individuals we too often put too much strain on our eyes. The structures of the eye are so delicate and so easily damaged that any injury or inflammation should receive immediate and skilled medical attention. An eye containing a foreign body, such as dust, soot, metal scrap, or glass that cannot be removed easily, or an eye that has been cut or scratched should be closed and tied up immediately with a bandage or a clean handkerchief until a physician can be consulted.

The eye is the most sensitive and highly specialized organ in the body and only about ten per cent of all eyes conform so closely to type that they may be called normal. One writer says that at least 60 per cent are so defective as to cause ill health and reduce efficiency. Eye strain causes more pain and disability than all other eye troubles put together. Eye strain probably is responsible for more headaches than all other things put together. Eye strain can be relieved by proper glasses, proper use of the eyes, and proper periods of rest.

The following instructions from an English Engineering Society concerning care of eyes are valuable:

Don't work in a flickering light;

Don't expose the eyes to unshaded lights in the direct range of vision;

Don't judge illumination by the brightness of the lamps;

Avoid excessive contrast;

Use the right type of globe, shade, or reflector;

Make sure the illumination is sufficient. (Two to three foot-candles are enough to read by but more is required for fine work.)

Keep lamps, globes, and reflectors clean;

Make sure the lamps are in the right position; Light on the object, not in the eye.

The Ideal Parent--- And Today

WARFIELD WEBB

THE thought that should be more generally uppermost in our minds is this: Whither are we directing our steps, and to what purpose? Naturally this applies more vitally to our youth, but we cannot afford to place all the blame upon them, or to relieve the grown-ups of their measure of responsibility.

Often the result of negligence on the part of the parents or guardians brings about evil results for those over whom we are given jurisdiction. It is easy to fail in our God-given duties, and to permit a laxity of authority and admonition, because the demands upon us are at times very arduous. There is today, aside from the actual rebellion of human nature against all authority; the added evil of granting children a great allowance regarding their opinion on matters that properly belong to older heads and the more experienced judgment that can only come with the passing years. If we are willing to permit the child to dictate his own terms in reference to his conduct or in the matter of choosing his companions, amusements, dress, actions and other essentials, often there will be just cause to rue it. The head of an elder can never be placed upon the shoulders of a child or even of a youth. Only the cold, and often sad, events of life as are lived by all of us can act as safeguards against the dangers that are sure to beset every child.

But too often these days we find many parents willing to grant their children a certain amount of freedom that is disastrous to them. As a consequence, both the children and the parents are made to suffer. And then there are heartaches that come too late, and regrets that are often vain. If we allow our children a laxity that brings with it just cause for sorrow, where shall we lay the blame?

You see it. We all have occasions to observe the changes that have overcome our present-day civilization, so termed. Not alone in the matter of a freedom in conduct, but a freedom in dress that is not good for either morals or health. But oppose the child? Some parents seem to think it unwise. Why run counter to their wishes, when it is the style to do certain things? It would never do to be out of style.

If we stop and ponder just a moment, we will readily admit that the conditions were vastly different only a few years ago. The parents of these children would not have been permitted one half the freedom that has been the case in these days. They understand that; they

will admit that their parents were strict with regard to their conduct, watchful, solicitous and not given to too much freedom for the children. But things have changed. Ah, yes, 'tis true, conditions have undergone a radical change.

It would be folly to make a general condemnation, or to assert that either all parents were too negligent or all children unmindful of the significance of life's important duties. Some parents still adhere to the sane ideas that right is still essential, and that parental authority does not cease until the children are well past the danger age. In fact, they feel it imperative to retain their watchfulness over their children as long as they live.

We should not forget that there is a sacred obligation resting upon all parents to see that their children are guided properly. They must be admonished, advised, and cautioned, otherwise the results are not calculated to be of the pleasing kind. Those who would avoid heartaches, hours of anxiety, and even a later, more serious, accounting there must be care given the rearing of children. We need not be unduly strict, nor too exacting, but we must in conscience bound be careful to direct, admonish and set the proper example to those over whom God has given us supervision.

The silence of the Blessed Sacrament seems ever to be saying, Jesus has nothing to think of but you! And the angels say, O happy you! And heaven envies us, and earth rejoices to bear the race of the sons of men.—Faber.

A Visitor*

MARY E. MANNIX

He came and passed like a jeweled thought,
In wondrous fabric, nobly wrought;—
Cultured wisdom, judgment rare,
Joy and holiness were there.

He sat amongst us one short hour,
Portraying with true Celtic power
Things he had seen, men he had known,
From Kaffir hut to Pontiff's throne.

The waves were breaking on the strand,
As he upraised his priestly hand;
Then turned him from our seaside rest,
Leaving its threshold richly blest.

Faithful Shepherd! Prince of men!
He will not pass this way again.
He came and went like a jeweled thought,
With love and peace and wisdom fraught.

* In memory of a brief visit to the author by the Rt. Rev. Hugh McSherry of South Africa on his recent trip to California.

Abbey and Seminary

—While collecting funds in the diocese of Indianapolis this summer for his devastated Indian missions in South Dakota, Father Justin made his brethren at the Abbey several fraternal calls. Early in September he mounted the mission "coop," took his place at the steering wheel, waved farewell, stepped on the gas, and, directing his course to the north and west, was off. With no help from public sources, and no stipulated income, the life of the Indian missionary is not without many cares and worries. Yet, our Indian missionaries look on the bright side and smile. They have hopes that eventually the missions may become self-supporting. We add our feeble hopes to theirs. Perhaps you do, too, plus—

—Towards the end of August Father Columban accompanied Father Robert to St. Joseph's Hospital, West Point, Nebraska, where the latter will remain for the present under the care of the Franciscan Sisters. From his not far-distant mission at Marty, S. D., came Father Sylvester with the speed of an arrow across the undulating prairies of the West, first and foremost, of course, to show our genial infirmarian Marty's flourishing mission, then across the southern portion of Dakota through the famous "bad lands,"—the wonder and admiration of all who pass that way, the mountains erroneously called the Black "Hills" with their mines rich in gold and other minerals. Delighted with this little-known wonderland, Father Columban now sides with those who proclaim: "See America first."

—Wednesday, September 8th, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was the date set for the triennial profession of Fr. Raymond (Francis Xavier) Hubbard, O. S. B., who had just completed his novitiate. The profession took place during Solemn High Mass with Father Abbot at the altar.

—Thursday, September 9th, saw the return of the students from the summer vacation. On the morning of the 10th at 9 o'clock the Very Rev. Rector of the Seminary, Albert Kleber, O. S. B., S. T. D., celebrated Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit to invoke the blessing of God upon the new school year. As in many other schools this year, so also with us, room is at a premium. Over 230 registered in the Preparatory Seminary. Of these several have left to place themselves under the physician's care; several others, who were overcome with nostalgia, departed for home, where they hope a permanent cure. The Theological Seminary has about 120, while Jasper College has about 102. The professorial staff remains practically the same. Several classes had to be divided.

—Rev. Raymond Stoll, S. T. D., an alumnus of St. Meinrad College, who has been assistant pastor at Holy Family Church, Cincinnati, has been appointed associate professor of Sacred Scripture in the archdiocesan seminary at Cincinnati.

—Rev. Leo J. Dufrane, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Dunkirk, Ind., another alumnus of ours, was elected

state chaplain of the American Legion by a vote of 201. His opponent, the pastor of a Presbyterian church at Columbia, Ind., received 150 votes.

Book Notices

Popular Liturgical Library Series 1, No. 2. The Spirit of the Liturgy. Translated from the Italian of Abbot Emmanuele Caronti, O. S. B., by Virgil Michel, O. S. B., St. John's Abbey, 1926. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota. 123 pages. 35¢ retail.

The diminution of public prayer has had its effect in the decadence of the religious sense of society. Hence it is important to induce the faithful to an active participation in the public and solemn prayer of the Church. To foster and encourage prayer this liturgical movement has begun. It is for the clergy to lead. The popular liturgical library will furnish stimulus and help. May it be successful. A. B.

Ceremonial for the Use of the Catholic Churches in the United States of America. Ninth Edition. Revised by Rev. W. Carroll Milholland, S. S. Master of Ceremonies, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Publisher. Price \$3.00 Net.

Most welcome for many will be the new edition of the Ceremonial, which became necessary because of recent legislation. Though the author has carefully revised the ceremonial, there remain some incorrect statements which a new edition may remedy, e. g., on page 34: Note should read that priest, entering sanctuary from behind the altar, should do so from the Gospel side and return at the Epistle side. During Asperges whilst Gloria is sung the celebrant pauses in going down the aisle. On page 72, note 5: The indult for using incense during the Missa Cantata is worth mentioning. On page 80: In Vespers the celebrant remains at the bench to the end. On pages 112 and 359: On Good Friday the veil of the cross of the altar is violet, not black. On page 290: In Pontifical Mass the deacon does not kiss the bishop's hand twice before he sings the Gospel. A. B.

"Practical Stage Work" is the name of an illustrated Catholic dramatic monthly that issued the first number of volume one under date of August, 1926. The place of publication is Brooten, Minnesota. Rev. Matthias Helfen, who has been laboring so earnestly and faithfully in the uplift of the Catholic stage, is sponsor for the new monthly. Priests and all others who are interested in dramatics in the parish would do well to enter their names on the subscription list of "Practical Stage Work."

"Tabernacle and Purgatory," a Eucharistic monthly, which is published by the Benedictine Sisters at Clyde, Mo., came out in a special, Eucharistic Congress number in August. It contains fifteen splendid illustrations besides articles by prominent clergymen on each day of the Congress. "No work that I have seen," was Mgr. C. J. Quille's comment, "has been quite so good." We heartily recommend this special edition of 64 pages as a souvenir of the great Eucharistic Congress at Chicago. The price is 25¢.

Mexican Tyranny and the Catholic Church, being an Analysis of the Assault, Upon Freedom of Conscience, Freedom of Worship, Freedom of the Press, and Freedom of Education in Mexico During the Past Ten Years, by Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, Md. 64 pages. Price 10¢; special price by the hundred. International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER V

MAUD GOES TO SCHOOL

AUGUST was waning, and Jasper began to turn his thoughts toward the selection of a school for Maud. He sat late one evening on the side veranda, pondering various matters regarding his adopted child, who lay quietly asleep in a small upstairs room which Madame had grudgingly allowed him to fit up for her. She had wanted him to use a ponderous old walnut bedstead which had been stored up in the attic, chairs which had seen better days, and an old-fashioned bureau with a cracked glass.

"You can have the chairs re-caned for next to nothing, and a new mirror won't cost much. If you don't like the color of them, enamel them in white or blue or green and make them do." Jasper would not have it.

"No," said he. "Just because she is an orphan and has no one to care what becomes of her if we don't, is not the sign that just any old thing will be good enough for her. I mean to buy her a dainty new set, and nothing that I can possibly do to make her happy will be left undone."

"I think you're crazy, Jasper Valens, if you ask me." Jasper bowed his head gravely, as if it were the greatest compliment.

"Maybe so, my dear; but at least I am doing my best."

"Where will you get the money? The Pomeranian must have cost you something." Jasper raised his head and smiled.

"He's already paid for, but I would have paid twice as much, just to see you pleased. I am glad you like him." Madame compressed her lips, and her reply was the inevitable one.

"Oh, he'll do; but I've seen better ones." Jasper sighed and changed the subject. Glancing skyward for an instant, he sent up a little prayer of resignation for the stripes that were constantly being laid across his heart. "I am willing, Lord; lay them on as thick as You want!" And a strange wave of sweetness followed the prayer; it spurred him on to do some little kindness for Madame, in return for her ingratitude.

"Here; let me carry those gowns for you. I shall

hold them just as carefully as you do. Where do you want them?"

But to return to Jasper on the side veranda; he was debating within himself whether to send her to St. Boniface' School or to the Madames of the Sacred Heart, who had a boarding and day school but a few squares away. After pondering the pro's and con's for perhaps an hour, he finally decided it should be the Sacred Heart School, for he wished the air of conventual refinement to permeate the heart of his little Maud, whom he already regarded as the most precious treasure God could have given him.

So a day or two later he was trudging with her toward the grey old convent set in the midst of its large, walled garden, and ringing the bell on the spacious brick porch, with its key-stoned arch sculptured with the Sacred Heart in high relief. They were received by good Mother Kerens, whose kind brown eyes first beamed and then misted by turns, as she listened to the unfolding of Maud's history.

"You wish to become a Catholic then, Maud dear?" asked the Mother.

"Yes, Mother; I want to be the same as dear Daddy Valens." Then the two elders conferred together.

"You do not know whether she has been baptized?"

"No, Mother, I do not. I wonder how I could find out; doubtless, the envelope I have at home contains the information, but I gave my inviolable promise not to open it."

"Well, perhaps you could write to the authorities of the town, who would doubtless look the matter up for you."

"That seems a good idea, Mother; I'll do it directly I reach home."

So Maud's name was taken down on the roll of the day school, and the kind nuns took her in charge. In the meantime, Jasper had written to Farthingwell, the town Maud's fostermother had mentioned, asking the authorities to look up the birth record, and find out, if possible, from the records of the local churches, whether Maud had been baptized in any of them. Two weeks later a reply came. It read:

"Dear Sir:—

We have your inquiry regarding birth record and baptismal certificate of Maud Burns, and beg to state that our records show that aforesaid Maud Burns was born on May 10, 19—, of George Matthews and Cynthia Matthews, née

Burleson. Although we have made inquiry of all three of our churches here, we find no baptismal record whatever of said Maud Burns—"

As Jasper sat and read the letter, he felt renewed in his breast his great pity for the child, and resolved again to wipe out all this past sad record with every kindness his ingenuity could invent. Then he thought of the poor father, incarcerated in the Massachusetts State Asylum, and his face was very grave as he smoked and pondered, and realized that he was taking that poor, suffering father's place; and suddenly, a longing came over him to do something for the man. Perhaps, he thought, the patient was too far gone to be able to appreciate a gift; on the other hand, he might have lucid intervals, during which, the thought that outside in the cold world lived someone who cared what became of him, might do a great deal toward helping him in his sorrowful extremity.

This was Jasper's element; his heart warmed at once to the thought, and leaning forward, elbows on knees, his friendly pipe sending up clouds of comforting aroma, he began to ponder what sort of gift might please Maud's father best. Perhaps it would be better, after all, he mused, to write the asylum first, ascertain the state of his health, and ask his physicians what would be the most appropriate thing to send. Just as he arrived at this decision, Madame entered with some request at the tip of her tongue as usual. Spying the open letter on Jasper's knee, she came closer, and the first thing she saw was the name "Farthingwell." Her eyes dilated, and her lips became compressed in a tight line. She would have very much liked to read the letter, but, just then, Jasper turned, and pleasantly inquired what he could do for her, at the same time folding up the paper. He would gladly have showed it to her, but knowing how little interest she took in anything regarding Maud, he refrained from telling her about any of his negotiations regarding the child. Perhaps, too, he desired to avoid the endless rebuffs he received whenever anything of the kind came under discussion.

Madame, fearing to lose control of herself, dared not ask for the letter, and merely turned and answered, "Oh nothing," when Jasper inquired what she wanted. But, while feigning to rummage in a table drawer for something, she watched him out of the tail of her eye, while he placed it in his inside breast pocket. Of this she made a mental note, hoping to get a chance sometime, while he slept, to peruse the missive. But this was not an easy thing to do. Jasper was not a great sleeper, being the last one up at night, reading the newspapers and religious books, and the first one awake in the morning; while Madame was usually "dead on her feet" at ten of the evening, and never awoke before eight in the morning.

She was waiting until she could trust herself to speak, before asking him to go on an errand for her. Meanwhile, Jasper leaned back in his chair and returned to the line of thought in which he had been interrupted. Ah! His precious little Maud; she had been

going to Sacred Heart School for more than two weeks now, and each evening she brought him glowing accounts of success in her lessons, the fascinating sweetness of her teacher, Mother Morris, and the beautiful things she taught—bits of her own saintly character, interspersed between the more prosaic work of the curriculum. Jasper was so full of his subject that he could not remain silent. Rebuff or no rebuff, he must speak of his darling subject.

"Do you know," he said, suddenly, "Maud loves her new school. Poor child, she has not had much of any kind of education before, and I am so glad to be able to give her the best." Madame turned queer furtive eyes upon the back of his head. But her tongue had not been dulled any.

"She would do just as well at the public school, I'm thinking. I was taught in a public school, and their teachers are second to none."

"Neither are the Sacred Heart Madames. This particular school is affiliated with Maryhurst University, and if she wishes a college education after she finishes here, she shall have it."

"Waste of money; and besides, you're pampering the child out of all reason. You're foolish on the subject. Paupers should be kept in their place. I always had to work hard; I was thrown upon the world too at a tender age, and no one took me up and sent me to universities." A queer jealousy seemed to be working within her, and resentment against the world in general, because it had not seemed to use her well. And against her will, and despite her efforts to crush them, tears, born of her secret inward excitement, began to course down her cheeks. Jasper, glancing at her, was surprised to see them, but instantly he was dissolved in pity. In a sweeping sort of insight, he seemed at once to understand the cause of her constant ill humor. Of course, how could he blame her for being soured, if her former life had been hard? If that was the case, it was his task to sweeten it for her, however hard that uphill grade would develop to be. He sprang to his feet and placed his arm about her.

"My dear," he pitied, "I am so sorry to hear you've had it hard. You've never told me anything about your hardships; I wish you would. You've never let me in on your life—it is a closed book to me. Not that it is necessary for me to know, but I long to share your heartaches, and whatever it is that so often upsets you. I wish to be not only your companion and helper, but your confidant as well. Perhaps some day you will tear down the barriers of your reserve and let me share your sufferings—"

The tender words broke down whatever was left of Madame's resistance, and she succumbed in a torrent of tears and sobs to the strain under which she had been laboring. For a moment—and one moment only, she debated whether to take Jasper at his word and tell him all—but pride and selfishness, so long her masters, now arose to claim their property, fearful lest it be torn

from them, and her tears, which might have washed her soul clean, now became mere instruments of self-pity—the wall behind which weak souls hide, instead of fearlessly facing and combating their faults. The pain of her heart relieved by the momentary outburst, she suddenly dashed her tears aside and straightened up.

"Barriers! Confidant! You talk as if I had something to hide, Jasper Valens. How dare you? Whatever hard times I've had in my past life is none of your concern—leastwise you can't care much, when you deliberately let me work my fingers off alone, while you keep your money for yourself, and waste it on foolishness instead of helping me to meet my bills. Oh yes; you're awful sorry, you are! You look it!" And with quick spiteful fingers, she began tearing up and throwing in the wastebasket papers which Jasper had been reading, throwing his books angrily aside, and resentfully brushing up with her hands tobacco ashes which he inadvertently had spilled on the table cloth.

Jasper dropped his eyes, and lines of pain appeared on his face, while he slowly walked to a chair at the window and shaded his eyes with his hand. The sight of him, submissive and silent, seemed to anger her more than ever. As a parting shot she threw at him:

"And getting letters around here that I know nothing about; how do I know what you are up to? What do I know about *your* past?" It is a well-known fact that Satan incites man to hate the person he knows he is wronging. Hate piles upon hate, suspicion and jealousy come along, hand in hand, suggesting monstrous things, until the poor blinded soul is lost completely in a hopeless labyrinth of its own imaginings. Cynthia's last words woke Jasper out of his lethargy of pain, and he sprang up and followed her.

"Cynthy," he said, sadly, "I am sorry you have such thoughts about me; there is nothing in my life which I would not gladly tell you about, and as for the letter I was reading, here it is; you may read it, or any other that comes into the house. I only thought you were not interested, that is why I did not show it to you." He held the letter out to her, but she, afraid she might betray herself, dared not take it.

"I don't want to see it; keep your old letter!" Jasper shrugged his shoulders and made a hopeless gesture, returning the letter to his pocket. But there was never a stone left unturned, if Jasper could help it, to soothe her ruffled soul.

"Then, my dear, is there anything I might do for you? No? You came in awhile ago looking for something. Can't I help you find it?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't be such a pest, Jasper. No, there isn't a thing—yes, wait; I want you to go up to the storeroom and get me a size No. 2 double X box to hold a gown I am finishing." Jasper bowed in his polite, courtly fashion.

"And, as the afternoon is so hot, perhaps you would enjoy some ice cream, and a bottle of orange soda, eh? What say? His smile was irresistible, and even Madame's icy hauteur melted a little before it.

"Well, if you are so set on doing something, yes; go ahead." Again he smiled, caught up her fat, ringed hand, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon it. Madame turned and walked away, perhaps ashamed of her treatment of him, but too proud to bend a little and let him see the wholesome blush which mantled her cheek. She went to the salon wishing she had not been so cowardly about the letter, for instantly, she knew that her heart would give her no rest until she knew its contents. Taking up an unfinished garment, she seated herself in a corner alone, and while her needle took fast, skilful stitches, her mind was running on with all speed. She wondered how much information it gave, and whether or not Jasper suspected anything. Evidently, from his easy, kindly manner, he did not, but she was not satisfied with that.

Then she thought of the large envelope which was not to be opened until Maud's eighteenth birthday. If she could only peep inside! Perhaps her fears were unfounded after all, and the name Farthingwell was only a coincidence? Why was Jasper writing to that particular town? "Perhaps—oh, perhaps, perhaps!" she thought impatiently. "It was all so maddeningly uncertain!" Jasper had given his word of honor that the envelope should not be opened until the specified date; but she cared little for that. Why not purloin it some day, steam the flap open, peruse the contents, and then paste it shut again, just for her own satisfaction? The fact that she had looked into it would hurt no one, while it would quiet her unhappy restlessness—but would it? What if her fears were justified? Her heart began to beat wildly, and she was seized with a desire to search for the envelope at once. Indeed, she was already on her feet, hastening toward the living quarters behind the sewing room, when Jasper met her, his hands full of parcels.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "did you hear me coming? I've brought you some nice iced cakes too, from the bakery. They looked so good as I passed by that I could not resist buying them. And here is your favorite ice cream—Neapolitan, and the soda. Sit right down and I'll put it out for you. You look all fagged from this heat wave. I do hope its the last we'll have this year." So saying, he bustled about, getting out plates and glasses, and pouring the soda. Cynthia was glad of his kindly, unnoticing manner, for her fagged look came, not so much from the heat as from the excitement within her breast.

"The box? Have you brought it from the storeroom?" she asked, glad to have something commonplace to talk about.

"Yes; I put it just inside the sewing room door. Now fall to, my dear, and try to forget the heat for a few moments."

"I really ought not to be eating this; it is fattening."

"Oh bother! Indulge yourself this once and forget the consequences." The grandfather clock struck four.

"Four o'clock! Maud will be coming in a moment. I

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must save her some of this ice cream," said Jasper. Madame suddenly thought of something.

"By the way, Jasper, what about the house on Penn Street which I told you to advertise for me. Find any renters yet?"

"No, I haven't. A number of people have gone through it, but most of them say it is too large for them, and some few have complained that the rental was too large for the state of repair the place is in."

"Well, I don't intend to spend a cent on the place. You might lower the rent a few dollars, just for a start; it will be an easy matter to raise on them after they are in. Some people don't know what they want to pay." Jasper cocked his head to one side and was about to deliver an opinion on his wife's dictum, when the door opened and Maud came in. She had a weary air, and threw her books down as if they had been a great weight. Dutifully, she came to kiss Jasper and Madame, and then complained of a headache. Immediately, Jasper was all concern.

"My dear! Not been studying too hard, I hope. I have some ice cream here; think you could eat a little!" Maud shook her head.

"No, Daddy Valens; I feel rather ill. I think I will lie down." Alarmed, Jasper hastily arose, went to her, and felt of her forehead and hands.

"She has a fever," he said to his wife. "Feel her head and hands; aren't they hot?" Cynthia obeyed and agreed that he was right.

"Doubtless nothing to worry about," was her verdict. "The hot weather and the tons of sweets you've been feeding her is enough to make anyone sick. However, a dose of salts and plain, light food for a few days ought to bring her around."

"My throat hurts too, Daddy Valens." Jasper's brow wrinkled in anxiety; he had not reckoned on that phase of child raising, but he learned soon enough that along with the delights of seeing, hearing, and possessing them, came the bitters of anxiety whenever sickness made its appearance.

So Maud was got to bed and given a dose of physic; also, on Cynthia's advice, he applied cracked ice to her head, and gave her drops for her fever. But alas, she grew worse and worse, and by morning, Jasper's anxiety was at the highest pitch. He called Dr. McKenzie at once on the phone, and when the latter arrived, hung in an agony of suspense, as if a verdict of his own execution were about to be pronounced.

"The baby's going to have scarlet fever," said the doctor, after he had taken his diagnosis. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to quarantine the house and put a sign on your door." Jasper was surprised then to see Madame, who had been secretly standing just outside the door, rush in and protest against the sign.

"Oh no, no, doctor! I can't have any signs on my door! Why it would scare away all my customers, and in the busy Fall season too! No, no; I can't have it!"

"Then you'll have to have her taken to the hospital at once," returned the medical man.

(To be continued)

Tapestry

The tale of tapestry carries us back to the unfathomable East, with dates so ancient that the Christian era seems a modern epoch. Tapestry, according to the proper interpretation of the word, means a cloth in which pictures and scenes are woven as a part of the fabric itself, instead of being just embroidered on the surface. The weaver of tapestry was called a "tapisier," which differs in meaning from the ordinary weaver of cloth in that he was, as it were, an artist whose loom took the place of an easel, whose brush was a shuttle, and whose color medium was thread instead of paint.

In the Middle Ages the master weavers most often took their designs from miniature religious pictures painted in the luxurious missals of the day, which were all handwritten and illuminated by devoted monks in their monasteries. Between the years 1475 and 1575 the master weavers were many, and the art of tapestry weaving seems to have reached its highest pinnacle at that time. They formed themselves into guilds (some-what like our labor unions of today) with certain hard and fast rules which all, who wished to join, had to follow. One of the first requirements for entrance was a high degree of skill, but afterwards the laws multiplied until there were so many that they crippled the hand of the weaver instead of benefitting him.

Almost as important as the weaver, was the dyer who prepared the thread for use. Their work cries out for recognition, when we find that threads dyed hundreds of years ago are still almost unaltered in color after constant exposure to air and light. Dye stuffs were precious in those days, and so costly that even threads of gold and silver, which were often intermingled in the fabric, hardly exceeded in value certain dyed wools and silks.

At the most brilliant period in the history of tapestry Flanders was foremost in the art, and in order to keep a certain exclusiveness in their work, they hedged themselves about by a multitude of guild laws. Orders were pouring in and the masters pressed their workers to the utmost to fill them all. However, these in time became so numerous that little by little excellence and perfection in haste began to give way to haste and speed, with the result that the high standard of the work began to decline, causing a decay in the art, which no guild laws could arrest.

The Church Supper

Now that Autumn is here, and the cool evenings preclude outdoor affairs, zealous church workers begin to look about for interesting ideas for socials in order to earn something for the parish exchequer, and, at the same time, provide a pleasant get-together affair in which the parishioners may become acquainted with each other. If we are to keep our boys and girls from attending places of which we do not thoroughly approve, we ought to provide some other medium by

which they may become acquainted and enjoy themselves together. For, how else are parish boys and girls to meet and know each other, and, incidentally, marry those of their own Faith, if we do not institute such a means? It is true of some parishes, old and well-established for the most part, that they have a system of Sunday collections which does away entirely with socials, card parties, bazaars, etc., which system may please some people, (those who do not care to be bothered by tickets and raffles), but is indeed hard on the younger generation who are thus forced to seek other means of recreation, often not so wholesome.

If the church is so fortunate as not to need the extra revenue, why not devote it to the missions, or to some other good purpose? Perhaps the most interesting of these evening affairs is a good church supper. Have the affair well advertised, and begin serving promptly at six o'clock. Invite downtown workers to come straight to the church hall instead of going home for their evening meal, and the rest of the family likewise. A little impromptu dance may be given afterwards for the young, and the more informal and homelike the affair, the better.

There is nothing makes a better appeal to young and old alike than "eats," as food is popularly dubbed today, and the menu may be published ahead of time for a week or two, featuring "Mrs. Brown's famous chicken salad," "Mrs. Jones's extra fine devil's food cake," "Miss Leffingwell's special Boston brown bread and baked beans," etc. The reading of all the names of these delectable victuals ought to have an appeal all its own and draw its own special devotees.

The supper might also be designated by some special feature, as "A Chrysanthemum Supper," "A Christmas Stocking Supper," "Snowball Supper," etc., according to the month in which it is to be given. In the case of the first, the hall may be decorated with paper chrysanthemums, with vases of cut flowers on each table, and a small one at each plate, or pinned on the lapel or left shoulder (in the case of the girls). The Christmas Stocking Supper would, of course, have net stockings filled with small toys hung from the ceiling, and a small one at each plate. These may be sent to some orphanage after the supper. The Snowball Supper may have a large white snowball glittering with mica on each table, the top open and filled with holly. From the ceiling are thickly hung strings with tufts of cotton on them.

Kindliness

Kindliness is like the sun; it dries out dark, mouldy corners, kills disease germs, freshens and sweetens the atmosphere, makes everything it comes in contact with healthy and wholesome, promotes growth, and leads to long life. The dark, mouldy corners are those where envy, hatred, nagging, and fault-finding have their lairs in the human heart; if the windows of the heart are opened and the sun of kindliness is let in, these unhealthy disease germs of the soul shrivel up and die as

if by magic. Instead of hateful, nagging, soul-shriveling thoughts, which may be likened to nasty, slimy vipers, say no! Snap your fingers in their faces, nip them in the bud, grind them under your heel, and deliberately perform a kindly act instead.

He who seeks happiness will soonest find it when he brings happiness to others. He who is constantly seeking how he can make some soul happy by some watchful, helpful act, some tactful little words of praise, some encouragement and cheer when his fellow man is bitter, and down on the world, will suddenly find himself so inundated with happiness and inward sweetness that he will soon find himself seeking again for that particular honey. The kindly person will never listen to any faultfinding or disparagement in his presence; he will immediately find some excuse for the other person, and—better than that, try to make the fault-finding person see his kindly point of view.

The kindly person is never suspicious; he never believes evil of anyone on first reports. Even when the devil becomes so glaring that he can no longer deny it, he still feels that it is no business of his, and passes it off in some charitable way. The kindly person never hides behind the lace curtains, watching every move of his neighbor on the right side, so that he can immediately go and report it to the neighbor on the left side. Neither will he listen with his ear glued curiously to window or door to the quarrel next door. "We all have our troubles," he charitably says, not seeking to know any more about it.

Our Missions

Two or three months back we gave a few hints as to what our different missions need, and asked that generous souls take these needs to heart, and supply as far as they were able, such things as they no longer used, but which still had some good wear in them. The response was gratifying, and we gladly forwarded names and addresses of needy missionaries to the kind ladies who wrote to this department. Doubtless there are others, just as generous, who would be glad to send on their old hats, caps, clothes, shoes, musical instruments, sheet music, old school books, etc., if they but knew who could use them. Write to "Maid and Mother" department (Clare Hampton, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.) and we will supply addresses.

Would you like to write personally to an Indian boy or girl? We have many names of children at Father Sylvester's Mission at Marty, South Dakota, who would be delighted beyond words to receive a letter from someone out in the great United States. But best of all, if you delight in giving joy to others, you might purchase a small dictionary, or some handkerchiefs, or a nice pencil box for school, or a tablet or two, or any other thing you think might please a child, and mail it. Write us and we will send you names of as many children as you wish.

If you could read the letters of heartfelt appreciation, and the stories of their hard lives at home, where all

is poverty, you would hasten to send them a ray of cheer. The reward you will receive is the satisfaction you will feel in your own heart, and—God has more than that reserved in Heaven for those who love his poor little ones.

Many of you attend sales; sometimes pretty gingham may be obtained at very low prices; or stockings, or gloves. Four yards of gingham do not cost much, but they will make two dresses for a small child, or one for a big girl. Who will help the good nuns in their hard task of clothing their charges? They need lots of boys' waists too.

Needlework Design



The design for this month is that of a Louis XV table runner for library or living room table. The material is heavy ecru or cream silk, edged in black velvet, and embroidered in colored silks. The ornate conventional design is worked in pink, green, red, gold, and black, the result being rich in the extreme, in the style of tapestries worked by the court ladies during the time of Louis XV. It presents a very good subject for crayon needlework, as described in this department some months back. The designs may be colored with wax crayons, ironed on the wrong side with a hot iron, (with extra cloth beneath), and then outlined in the same colors as the crayons, with silk. The ironing process causes the wax colors to penetrate the cloth, making a beautiful blend. Pattern, 20¢. Address CLARE HAMP-
TON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Recipes

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD: Boil 2 small, or one large chicken (enough to make 6 cups of meat) in salted water to which three slices of onion have been added. When tender, bone the chicken and cut the meat into strips or slices. Boil three green peppers for five minutes, drain, and soak for five minutes in cold water. Then chop up fine, and with 2 cups of diced celery, add to chicken. Skim fat from stock and strain through cheese cloth. Pour over mixture, season, re-heat, and add 2½ tablespoons of gelatin dissolved first in cold water. Mix well, then pour into large mould and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD: Mix one cup wheat flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 1 cup rye or graham flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons soda; then add 1 cup sour milk, ¾ cup molasses. Pour into small pail, ¾ full. Place on rack in large kettle surrounded by boiling water. Boil 20 minutes, then let stand and cool for 5 hours before serving.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred). At least ten days should be allowed for the sending of patterns. Address all orders to GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2821—Frock with Youthful, slender lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

No. 2823—Frock with straight bodice and gathered skirt. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2840—Bloused Silhouette. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2826—Frock with Two-piece mode. The patterns cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2831—Frock with Draped side effect. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material with 5½ yards of ribbon.

No. 2832—Afternoon Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2826—Coat Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2834—Frock suitable for stout figures. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2839—Frock with shirring. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2716—Frock with slenderizing lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with 1¼ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

No. 2682—Princess Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2820—Frock with Simple lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yards of 1½ inch ribbon for tie.

No. 2279—One-piece dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2244—Comfortable Sleep-Ins. The pattern cuts in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2718—Junior Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 32 or 36-inch material with ¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

